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# BARBARA FRIETCHIE

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BY  
CLYDE FITCH.

HD WIDENER

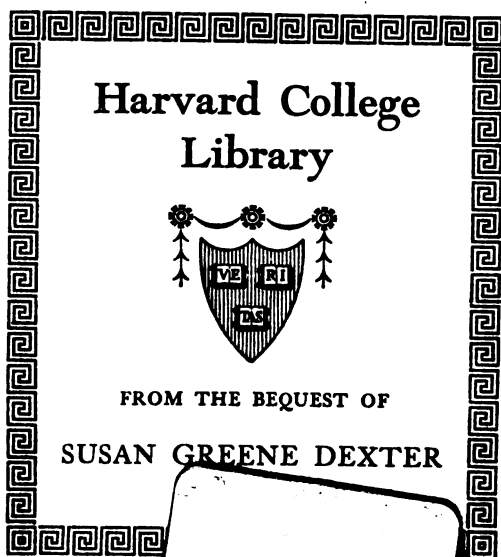


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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
NEW YORK CITY.

DAL 1555.5.15











From a Pastel by Everett Shinn.

*Miss Julia Marlowe as "Barbara Frietchie"*

# BARBARA FRIETCHIE, THE FREDERICK GIRL.

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

CLYDE FITCH.



LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

NEW YORK CITY.

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Photo by Byron.

TO JULIA MARLOWE.

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How much Barbara and I both owe to you! You crept into her very heart (and mine!), and like the Good Fairy at the birth of the Princess, endowed her with her best gift, your own Personal Charm! How grateful I am I will try to prove by giving her to you after you yourself have made her dear to me.

CLYDE FITCH.

NEW YORK, 1900.



## BARBARA FRIETCHIE, THE FREDERICK GIRL.

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### THE FIRST ACT.

*A Street in Frederick. After Supper.*

### THE SECOND ACT.

*The Lutheran Minister's House in Hagerstown. The Following Day.*

### THE THIRD ACT.

*The Frietchie House in Frederick. Two Days Later.*

### THE FOURTH ACT.

THE FIRST SCENE.—*Barbara's Room. The Next Morning.*

THE SECOND SCENE.—*The Street.*

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*The author disclaims any intention to the writing of an historical play. He has endeavored merely to picture in an imaginary story some of the spirit and atmosphere of a certain period of our history, using the personality of "Barbara Frietchie" as best lending itself to his purpose.*



*As Originally Produced at the Broad Street Theatre,  
Philadelphia, October 10, 1899, and Two Weeks Later at the  
Criterion Theatre, New York.*

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THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY.

|                                     |                  |
|-------------------------------------|------------------|
| BARBARA FRIETCHIE.....              | Julia Marlowe    |
| SALLY NEGLY.....                    | Katherine Wilson |
| SUE ROYCE.....                      | Norah Lamison    |
| • LAURA ROYCE.....                  | Mary Blyth       |
| MRS. HUNTER.....                    | Annie Clarke     |
| MAMMY LU.....                       | Alice Leigh      |
| CAPT. TRUMBULL.....                 | J. H. Gilmour    |
| MR. FRIETCHIE.....                  | George Woodward  |
| ARTHUR FRIETCHIE.....               | Lionel Adams     |
| COL. NEGLY.....                     | W. J. LeMoyné    |
| JACK NEGLY.....                     | Arnold Daly      |
| FRED GELWEX, } Soldiers, {          | Dodson Mitchell  |
| TIM GREENE, } .....                 | Becton Radford   |
| EDGAR STRONG.....                   | Donald MacLaren  |
| DR. HAL BOYD.....                   | Algernon Tassin  |
| SERGT. JAMES.....                   | Frank Colfax     |
| CORPL. PERKINS.....                 | Ralph Lewis      |
| ORDERLY.....                        | H. Phillips      |
| A BOY.....                          | Byron Ongley     |
| SOLDIERS, TOWNSPEOPLE AND CHILDREN. |                  |

---

*The Period is 1863.*

*The scenery was painted by Mr. E. G. Unitt. The costumes were designed by Virginia Gerson.*

*Miss Marlowe and her company were presented in the play under the direction of Mr. Charles Frohman.*



# BARBARA FRIETCHIE, THE FREDERICK GIRL.

---

## THE FIRST ACT.

---

A STREET IN FREDERICK. AFTER SUPPER.

---

*Across the brick pavement three houses stand facing us, two of red with white trimmings in the early Colonial style of architecture, the other house on our right of wood, painted brown, and placed back from the street, with a small garden and a picket fence. In the garden is a round bed of scarlet geraniums, and a honeysuckle vine grows over the front door. The street turns a corner around the garden, where a big lilac bush grows. The centre house belongs to the Frietchies, and over its steps is a balcony, supported on four Corinthian columns in wood, painted white. The windows of all the houses in the street are open and there are lamps lit in many of the lower rooms. The house with the garden belongs to the Royce family; the house on the left is the home of Col. Negly, his son and daughter.*





Photo by Byron.

*"Sk! She's got a beau with her."*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*The theatre is darkened and "Dixie" is played once by the orchestra. Then the curtain rises slowly and softly without orchestral music.*

*It is the starry twilight of a languorous summer night, and the air is tremulous and full of the scent of honeysuckle and jasmine. On the steps of the Frietchie house sit TWO GIRLS, LAURA and SUE ROYCE. They are pretty, rather thoughtless young creatures, but sweet-tempered and warm-hearted. They wear soft, light dresses, open at the neck, and are bare armed. Through an open window BARBARA is heard at the piano singing "Kathleen Mavourneen." The light on the stage is soft and dim. On the farther stoop sit SALLY ROYCE and EDGAR STRONG, a young couple in the heyday of a "boy-and-girl" flirtation. BARBARA finishes the first verse of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and LAURA, joining in softly, sings the last line with her. BARBARA, after a moment's strumming, begins singing a second verse. Two small children run past, playing hide-and-go-seek. Hearing BARBARA, they stop to listen beneath her window, holding hands, till she finishes "Kathleen," when they romp away, continuing their sport.*

SUE.

[Calls across to the Negly steps.] SALLY!

LAURA.

[Leaning over and touching Sue.] Sh! She's got a beau with her.

SUE.

No, it's her brother!

[MAMMY LU, a dear old colored woman, comes down the street with a market basket and passes through the gate into the Royce house. LAURA turns her head and watches the Negly steps. She calls again.] SALLY!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

SALLY.

What?

SUE.

Come on over on our steps.

SALLY.

I can't; I'm not alone!

LAURA.

[Turning her head back to Sue.] I told you so. [The Two Girls titter.] It's EDGAR STRONG!

[SUE joins in with BARBARA and sings with her. SALLY and STRONG are seen rising on their steps. She follows him coyly to the bottom step, where they linger over a tender good-bye. She fastens a spray of honeysuckle from her dress into the lapel of his coat. He starts to go, but stops at the corner of the steps and they say good-bye once more.]

LAURA.

He's going! [Craning her neck to see surreptitiously.]

SUE.

I wonder if he'll pass here?

[BARBARA, having finished "Kathleen Mavourneen," sings "Maryland, My Maryland." STRONG, leaving SALLY, who goes into her house, comes slowly past the other girls, going down the street. A few steps from SALLY's steps he turns and looks back, but she has gone in. He comes on absorbed, unconscious of the presence of SUE and LAURA, and passes them. SUE and LAURA both "ahem!" pointedly. He doesn't hear them and turns the Royce corner. The Two Girls titter.]

LAURA.

[Laughing.] SALLY's got a real stylish beau, hasn't she?

[A pause. The girls lean back against the railings, fanning themselves.]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

SUE.

[*Getting up.*] Is BARBARA going to sing the whole evening? Why doesn't she come out on the steps? [*She leans over the railing, trying to look into the Frietchie parlor window. She calls.*] BARBARA!

[*A light is seen in an upper window of SALLY's house.*]

LAURA.

Sh! She's very sentimental to-night, and it's not JACK NEGLY either.

SUE.

[*Turning and leaning with her back against the railing.*] Who then?

LAURA.

CAPT. TRUMBULL——

SUE.

The Yankee! Law! what a flirt she is! Why, JACK NEGLY's been her *acknowledged beau*!

LAURA.

You needn't talk! You're younger'n BARBARA and have had twice as many beaux as she already!

[BARBARA, *having finished "Maryland, My Maryland," sings "Listen to the Mocking Bird."*]

SUE.

Oh! if you call walking out to the cemetery every evening with *one* fellow making him your beau! But BARBARA's been caught within a week down the Hagerstown pike with *two different* men's arms about her.

LAURA.

Well, I reckon you wish *you* could be caught like that!

SUE.

[*Laughing good naturedly.*] Yes, indeedy, I shouldn't mind a bit!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

[Sitting down on the top step. The TWO GIRLS again subside into silence. BARBARA'S voice steals out sweetly through the open windows with the "Mocking Bird" refrain. A young couple, arm in arm, stroll absorbedly past, on their way back from the usual lovers' walk of the town—where the willows weep and hearts stop beating underneath cool white marble names.

SALLY.

[Calls, leaning out of her window upstairs.] Girls, are you there yet?

LAURA.

Yes.

SUE.

Come on down. [SALLY closes the blinds and disappears.

LAURA.

[Calls.] BARBARA!

BARBARA.

[Inside.] Well?

LAURA.

SALLY NEGLY'S coming over!

BARBARA.

[Inside.] Glad it's not her brother!

[Runs her hand over all the piano keys from base to treble.

SUE.

Oh, my! Isn't she airy!

[She looks down the street.] Here comes HAL BOYD.

LAURA.

What do I care!

[Tossing her head.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

SUE.

Oh, what a fine tail our bird's got! You seemed to care a good deal at the picnic last week.

LAURA.

You needn't throw any stones! You were in a glass house at the picnic yourself—with ARTHUR FRIETCHIE. Which way is he coming? [*Looking slyly up and down the street.*]

SUE.

He isn't! I was only making believe——

LAURA.

[*Laughing in spite of herself.*] Oh, you mean thing!

SALLY.

[*Who has come out from her house, joins them. She is perhaps more vivacious than the other two. About the wrists of her bare arms she has tied little black velvet bows. It is well known in Frederick that once upon a time she really slapped a young man who kissed her against her will.*] Why isn't BARBARA out?

SUE.

[*Very pointedly.*] No men here yet!

SALLY.

JACK's coming right over. [*Sitting on the lowest step.*]

SUE.

[*Calls.*] BARBARA, JACK's coming over!

BARBARA.

[*Inside, emphatically, and accompanying herself with chords upon the piano.*] Not at home!

[*She begins singing "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."*]  
The THREE GRACES on the steps exchange glances.



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

SALLY.

That's just how she treats JACK now!

LAURA.

And every one's talking about BARBARA and that ornry Yankee!

SUE.

I don't think he's ornry; I think he's nice.

SALLY.

He's *your enemy* and you ought to *hate* him! I shan't have anything more to do with BAB if she doesn't stop seeing CAPT. TRUMBULL.

SUE.

He has a lovely mustache.

SALLY.

It isn't the mustache that makes the man!

[N. B.—EDGAR STRONG'S *face is very smooth.*

JACK comes out of the Negly house and approaches. JACK is a handsome young fellow of twenty. He was a *harum scarum* boy, and he is a lovable, impetuous youth, with his heart on his sleeve.

LAURA.

BARBARA's a true Southern girl; I don't understand her having him around.

SUE.

Good evening, JACK. Oh, my, isn't it warm?

[*They all exchange a greeting.*

JACK.

[*Stands directly in front of the steps, his back to the audience.*] Where's BARBARA? [*All three motion to the parlor.*

LAURA.

Don't you hear her?

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

[*He calls.*] BARBARA!

[*She stops singing a moment to hear who is speaking. JACK repeats "BARBARA!" She at once begins singing again emphatically, pointedly. He goes up the steps between the girls, and, standing on the top step, calls more loudly.*

JACK.

BARBARA!

LAURA.

She hears you!

JACK.

I *must* see you.

BARBARA.

[*Inside.*] I'm not at home—to cowards!

[*A moment's silence. JACK stands hurt. SALLY rises and seizes her brother's hand, saying "JACK!" BARBARA begins singing again. Then JACK quickly and firmly enters the house, and a moment after BARBARA's singing ends abruptly.*

SALLY.

[*Eagerly.*] Would it be wrong to listen?

SUE.

[*Standing up as near to the window as she can and leaning far over the railing, listens hard.*] Decidedly! And, anyway, I can't hear a word.

[*She comes down from her listening position and sits again on the steps. Two Union soldiers stroll down the street, one smoking, the other with a rose between his teeth. As they pass the Frietchie stoop the girls stop speaking.*

SALLY.

Yankees!

[*The girls on the lower steps swish their dresses up out of*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*the way of contamination. The soldier with a rose, to tease the Southern young ladies, throws the flower at LAURA. She plucks it from her dress, where it falls, and throws it after him with a loud "Eeh!" of disgust, and at once the THREE GIRLS together begin singing "Dixie" with unmistakable emphasis till the laughing soldiers are out of hearing.*

SALLY.

[*Sitting beside LAURA.*] I wish BAB would be JACK's sweetheart for good and all. We can't do anything with him home now. He locks himself up for whole days and answers so queerly sometimes when you speak to him. Mother cries about it.

SUE.

Did BAB ever lead him on?

SALLY.

Well, at our soldiers' ball she danced every schottische with him!

LAURA.

She's mad because he won't fight for the South.

SALLY.

She's no right to be mad with him for that when *she's* flirting with a Yankee.

SUE.

And while they're in possession of our town, too!

SALLY.

I wish her *brother* were here.

SUE.

[*Rising proudly.*] Yes, *he* wouldn't allow it.

[*Leaning over again to try and listen. The other Two GIRLS exchange amused glances at SUE's expense.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

SALLY.

Of course *you* think ARTHUR FRIETCHIE wouldn't allow anything!

SUE.

[*Trying to listen.*] Well, ARTHUR FRIETCHIE's with Stonewall Jackson, brave boy! and that's more than you can say for your beau.

SALLY.

The only reason EDGAR STRONG didn't go was, I said I'd never speak to him again if he did!

SUE.

I said that to ARTHUR, and he said he'd have to go all the same. But I kept my word; I didn't *speak* to him.

SALLY.

What did you do?

SUE.

Hugged and kissed him!

LAURA.

The *whole town* is angry about BARBARA. All the *vestry-men* of our church were at the house this afternoon, begging MR. FRIETCHIE to forbid BARBARA's seeing CAPT. TRUMBULL any more.

SUE.

BAB adores her father. I wonder what would happen if she were called on to choose between the two?

[*There is a sudden loud discord on the piano. The GIRLS look up, LAURA and SALLY rising.*] Gracious! There must be a row!

[*All three, with their arms linked about each other, lean over the side railing, trying to overhear.*]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Inside.*] Oh! How dare you! how dare you!

[*JACK's voice is heard strained and harsh, as if speaking beyond his control.*]

JACK.

[*Inside.*] Very well; I'll go to the war. Do you hear me, BAB? I'll go and fight if you want it! *I'll go!* But not to fight for my country; understand that? To fight him! To kill this damned Northerner who has taken you from me! You! BARBARA FRIETCHIE, whom I love better than the South, better than my life!

[*The THREE GIRLS on the stoop are frightened. After a moment's silence the front door is flung back and JACK comes out, leaving the door wide open. He looks wild and is without his hat. The positions of the GIRLS on the steps block his way.*]

JACK.

Out of my way! Damn all women!

[*The GIRLS, frightened, make way for him, SALLY seising hold of him by the arm to stop him.*]

SALLY.

JACK!

JACK.

[*As if he did not recognize her and shaking himself roughly free.*] Let go!

[*He strides down the steps.*]

SALLY.

JACK!

JACK.

[*At the bottom of the steps, turns and looks at the THREE GIRLS, who, frightened, cling together. He speaks bitterly.*] The THREE GRACES! Ha, ha! That's what some sentiment-

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

tal idiots would call you! But the witches from Macbeth are what you are! Ha! ha! ha! Liars! cheats! hags! all of you!

[Laughs again as he goes off down the street past his house. BARBARA has come out of the door as he finishes speaking and stands on the top step. As he goes she speaks after him in a voice angry and excited, yet with a certain girlish dignity.

BARBARA.

Call us what you like, but remember that we women love the man we honor and give our lips to the man we love!

BARBARA is a ravishing young creature, who has more or less willingly "upset" most of the youth of the town. A loose, delightful curl of her wavy, dark hair lies on her white neck, held in place by a red-pink camelia. Her eyes are large and beautiful and she does what she likes with them. Her soul is awakening within her, however, and her coquetry has seen its best days. She is dressed in a billowy mass of blue gauziness, bare neck, save for a blue cameo, and bare arms, save for two lovely dimples. Another camelia, the color of her lips, is caught at her waist. A bit of a black ankle strap shows above a tiny triangle of white stocking.

SALLY.

BARBARA, don't mind what he says.

BARBARA.

[Still indignant.] I never gave your brother the right to speak so to me!

SALLY.

[Still trying to pacify.] He doesn't know what he says.

BARBARA.

How dared he!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*[Rearranging the short sleeves of her dress, disarranged by JACK's unwelcome embrace.]*

SALLY.

BAB, he's out of his head for love of you! Can't you love him?

BARBARA.

*[Sitting on the top step.]* You can't *make* yourself love, SALLY.

SALLY.

Yes, you can. I could love anybody.

*[Sitting below BARBARA.]*

SUE.

You do! You love everybody!

*[Sitting beside BARBARA.] They all laugh gaily.*

BARBARA.

No, seriously, girls; love is a wilful, adorable child that teases you till you give him his own way.

LAURA.

*[Sitting on the lower step.]* Love is a saint that stands always by you and *blesses* you when you find and know him.

SALLY.

Love is a magician that can make hearts change places in a second. Presto chango! mine's in——

BARBARA.

*[Interrupting laughingly and taking her hand.]* Yours is in EDGAR STRONG's breast and his heart takes its place.

SUE.

Love isn't Cupid really. He's Jupiter and rules all the world.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

Love is—— Girls, I think *love is a man!*  
[*They laugh merrily again.*]

SALLY.

A Yankee man?

BARBARA.

[*On the defensive.*] I like CAPT. TRUMBULL.

[COL. NEGLY, *who has come out from his house, now reaches the Frietchie steps.*]

COL. NEGLY.

[*Bowing.*] Well, young ladies! [BARBARA *rises.*]

ALL.

[*Together.*] Good evening, COL. NEGLY.

SALLY.

Good evening, father.

COL. NEGLY.

BARBARA, is your father in?

BARBARA.

No, sir; but won't you sit down?

COL. NEGLY.

No, thank you. I'm afraid I'd be taking up room a younger man will be coming after. I'll smoke a cigar on my own steps and be over again later when your father's back.

BARBARA.

I'll tell father, sir.

[*Sitting down.* NEGLY *strolls back to his steps, lighting a cigar. He sits there smoking, scarcely visible, except for the glow of his cigar end.* EDGAR STRONG and HAL BOYD, com-



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*ing up the street, reach the Frietchie steps and salute the young ladies. At the same time THREE GIRLS, arm in arm, come from the opposite side, pass the two young men and look back over their shoulders as they pass on around the Royce corner and out of sight.*

HAL.

[*Standing in front of the steps.*] MISS LAURA, may I speak to you a minute?

[*The THREE GIRLS "ahem!" mischievously.*

LAURA.

[*Coming down and joining HAL on the pavement.*] What is it, DR. HAL?

[*He takes her a little to one side. The murmur of the others' voices is heard during their few private speeches. As they leave the steps SALLY moves nearer to SUE and BARBARA and they whisper together.*

HAL.

Persuade SUE to go in and play on the piano. Pretend we want to dance out here. EDGAR will take SALLY, too.

LAURA.

[*Puzzled.*] But—

HAL.

[*Interrupting.*] Don't ask any questions; just trust me. When she thinks we're dancing, we four'll steal for a walk to the cemetery and back.

LAURA.

But BARBARA?

HAL.

BARBARA will be grateful to you when she understands.

LAURA.

And I will be grateful to you when I do!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

HAL.

That'll be when the war's over.

LAURA.

Not till *then*?

HAL.

Perhaps before, but it's serious. Won't you help me?

LAURA.

Of course, DR. HAL. [*Turning to join the others.*]

HAL.

Be careful, EDGAR and SALLY mustn't suspect any plan.

LAURA.

Huh, huh! Girls, wouldn't it be fun to dance!

[*STRONG rises when LAURA reaches the steps.*]

SALLY.

Oh, my, it's so warm!

LAURA.

But out here on the pavement.

EDGAR.

Yes. Come along, SALLY.

SUE.

[*Rises.*] Yes.

BARBARA.

[*Rising.*] Shall I play for you?

LAURA.

[*Quickly going to BARBARA and pulling her down toward HAL.*] No, you must be tired. You've been singing and playing for weeks. SUE will, *won't* you, SUE?

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

SUE.

Yes, indeedy! What, a schottische?

LAURA AND SALLY.

Huh, huh!

[SUE goes into the house.]

HAL.

[*Aside to BARBARA, very seriously.*] Stay here on the steps, no matter what we do.

BARBARA.

Why?

SALLY.

[*Turning to look at BARBARA and HAL.*] BAB, stop flirting with HAL! I insist he shall dance with LAURA.

BARBARA.

[*With a mocking courtesy to HAL.*] Oh, certainly!  
[*Laughingly.*] I'll take EDGAR.

SALLY.

[*Seizing EDGAR and dragging him down the steps, laughingly.*] No, you won't. You can be a wallflower for once in your life.

[*SUE, indoors, begins playing a seductive schottische. The two couples start dancing. BARBARA watches them a moment, standing on the lower step. HAL nods encouragingly and meaningfully to her to sit down. She looks puzzled, but sits on the top step.*]

LAURA.

[*While dancing.*] Law, SALLY! have you seen Alice Hager dance the schottische?

SALLY.

[*As she dances.*] No, indeedy; but I've seen her try to!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

EDGAR.

[*While dancing.*] I can go you one better; I've tried to dance it with her!

HAL.

[*While dancing.*] Well, EDGAR, you have my sympathy!  
[*Close to EDGAR and SALLY, stops dancing.*] Let's play a joke on SUE, leave her playing as long as she will and we go for a walk. [*All stop dancing.*]

SALLY.

What for?

EDGAR.

But what about BARBARA?

HAL.

Oh, she won't tell, will you, BARBARA? [*Gives her a hint by voice and manner to say "No."*]

BARBARA.

No.

LAURA.

Come along then, to the cemetery and back.

[*Taking HAL's arm, they start off down the street, turning to wave good-bye to BARBARA, LAURA throwing a kiss. SALLY and EDGAR follow behind them, also turning to wave good-bye.*]

SALLY.

I wonder how long SUE 'll keep on playing?

[*And she and EDGAR pass out of sight. From the Royce house a FIGURE comes stealthily, wrapped about with a great cloak. It seems like a gaunt woman in the dark. It steals across the garden, keeping close to the side of the Frietchie house, and, when it reaches the Royce fence, leans over carefully and reconnoitres. Then the FIGURE says "Psst!" twice and adds "BARBARA," softly, to attract her notice. BARBARA*]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

rises, a little startled, not knowing where the voice comes from. She stands still, listening to hear it again. At this moment SUE calls loudly from the inside with friendly satire: "Don't be afraid to say when you're tired." The FIGURE draws back in the shadow till SUE has finished speaking, then again leans over the fence and calls "BARBARA!" BARBARA hears and turns to see who it is.

BARBARA.

[*A little frightened.*] What is it? Who are you? What do you want?

[*The FIGURE whispers "Sh!" with a finger on its lips; then goes swiftly and softly along the fence, out by the gate to the Frietchie stoop. There it staggers, but catches itself by the railing, saying "Sister!" in a low voice.*

BARBARA.

[*Going down a step or two toward him.*] ARTHUR!

[*ARTHUR FRIETCHIE is a high-spirited young Southern soldier, engaged heart and soul in the war.*

ARTHUR.

I was wounded yesterday in a skirmish on the Gettysburg pike. The Yankees have taken Hagerstown, but I managed not to get caught, crawled here and have been all day at the Royces'. You must hide me in our cellar till I can get well—or die——

[*He sinks on the second step.*

BARBARA.

[*Beside him, tenderly.*] ARTHUR, darling. Quick! Some one will see you!

[*She puts her arm about his shoulder and he tries to rise.*

COL. NEGLY.

[*Calls from his steps, where he sits smoking.*] No sign of your father yet, BARBARA?

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

No, not yet, COLONEL [SUE, indoors, stops playing.

SUE.

If I play another note I'll get the St. Vitus dance!

[ARTHUR, who has risen, starts and looks questioningly at BARBARA.

BARBARA.

It's SUE ROYCE.

SUE.

[Parting the ruffled white Swiss curtains of the Frietchie parlor window, looks out.] I reckon you take me for a hand organ! Law! not a soul!

[BARBARA and ARTHUR keep still in the shadow of the doorway. SUE laughs.] Well, if that isn't a good joke on me!

[She leaves the window, BARBARA and ARTHUR looking quickly and questioningly at each other.

ARTHUR.

We can trust SUE.

BARBARA.

Come!

[She has her arm around him, as he is very weak, and they turn to enter the house. At this moment CAPT. TRUMBULL, who has been coming slowly along past the Royce fence, smoking a pipe, reaches the Frietchie steps. He pauses to see who is on the top step. At the same moment SUE comes out, and the door opening, a flood of light falls on BARBARA and ARTHUR. SUE recognizes him with a cry.

SUE.

ARTHUR!

BARBARA.

Hush! Don't speak his name!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

[TRUMBULL, taking his pipe out of his mouth, whistles softly to himself. He is a tall, slender, handsome Northerner, dressed in the uniform of a Union captain. He is one of those fine-hearted, open-souled men, who are loved as baby, boy, and man by every one, but so unconsciously, so far as themselves are concerned, as to never be spoiled. Every girl in the town, rebel or no rebel, could tell you his eyes were blue and his mustache golden. His fellow soldiers swear by his bravery and his comradeship. He stands still a moment and then makes a movement to go up the steps, but stops himself and walks along leisurely back up the street, smoking hard. He soon turns again slowly, however, puts away his pipe, and, going up the Frietchie steps, raps with the iron knocker. As he stands waiting a SEARCH GANG of EIGHT UNION SOLDIERS, headed by a SERGEANT, march to the Royce gate and are led through the garden to the front door. Meanwhile, when CAPT. TRUMBULL has knocked, COL. NEGLY rises and leans on his side railing, speaking.

COL. NEGLY.

[Unable to distinguish in the dim evening light.] Is that you, FRIETCHIE?

TRUMBULL.

No, sir, it's CAPT. TRUMBULL.

COL. NEGLY.

[Angry.] Oh, I know you, sir! You're a damned Yankee, sir.

[The Royce door is opened by MAMMY LU, and the SEARCH GANG enter the house.

TRUMBULL.

[Amused.] I'm a Union soldier, sir.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

COL. NEGLY.

So was I a soldier, sir, in a *just* cause. I was a colonel in the Mexican war, sir!

TRUMBULL.

I am glad you are not fighting this time, COLONEL.

COL. NEGLY.

I'm not, sir, and I'll take up the sword again, sir, if they need me. I'm not too old yet, sir! I may join the blessed South in a fortnight, sir. [TRUMBULL *knocks again*.

TRUMBULL.

[*Amused.*] I might keep you a prisoner here, COLONEL, and prevent your leaving the town.

COL. NEGLY.

The town won't be yours, sir, in a fortnight! There won't be a damned Yankee left in the place, sir, in a fortnight! [TRUMBULL *knocks again, this time more loudly.*] And, thank God, sir, while you Northerners have our dear town not one of 'em dares to call on *my daughter*, sir. FRIETCHIE's got to stop it too, sir! We're coming to have a word with him. [TRUMBULL *knocks louder.*] Not that I have anything against you personally, sir. I'm bound to believe if it weren't for the war you might be a gentleman, sir.

[*The Frietchie door is opened on a crack by BARBARA.*

BARBARA.

Who is it?

TRUMBULL.

It is I, MISS BARBARA.

BARBARA.

Oh!

[*She puts out her bare arm and they shake hands. There is a pause of embarrassment.*



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

TRUMBULL.

I've come to see you. Mayn't I come in?

BARBARA.

[*Comes out quickly, closing the door behind her.*] Oh, yes, indeedy! Do, CAPT. TRUMBULL; only don't you think it's cooler and pleasanter out here?

TRUMBULL.

Perhaps, only please leave the door open.

BARBARA.

[*Nervous, a little alarmed.*] Why?

TRUMBULL.

Perhaps it's because I want to see your face!

BARBARA.

Or let *me* see *yours*. They say you Northerners are all vain.

TRUMBULL.

MISS BARBARA, please leave the door open. I have a good reason.

BARBARA.

Oh, very well, if you're going to be melancholy over it!

[*She opens the door, the light from the hall floods the steps. BARBARA sits in the middle of the top step, her dress spread out as if she were barring the way. TRUMBULL sits below her. The PROVOST GUARD is seen coming out of the Royce house. They are followed to the gate by MAMMY LU, who is very angry with them.*

MAMMY LU.

Is you froo? Bress de Lawd? Is you done giv' up fin'in' any pore Southern sojers hyah? Ain't you gwine to look inside the roses a-growing on de bushes, you devils? And

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

didn't yer forget to look under the stah carpet? And dere's the kitchen closet; you oughter look in the flour barrel and inside the chickens' eggs, too! The hens hyah hide little Rebs in dem, sure!

BARBARA.

[*Rises, frightened.*] A search gang?

TRUMBULL.

A provost's guard.

[*She turns to shut the door.* TRUMBULL *also rises.*

TRUMBULL.

[*Firmly.*] MISS BARBARA, don't close that door!

BARBARA.

[*Recovering herself.*] Why should I? I've nothing to fear from them. They won't try to search here.

[*She sits again on the top step. The SOLDIERS pay no attention to the OLD MAMMY, who is furious, and, as the last man passes out, the SERGEANT calls: "Good night, Venus!"*

MAMMY LU.

Don' you call me no names, you low down white trash you! You devils! [*She slams the gate and goes back into the house, muttering to herself: "I'm a 'spectable culled lady, I is! I ain't taking no back talk from no ornry sojers! No, siree!"*

[*The SOLDIERS are led to the Frietchie house, where they halt. The SERGEANT and MEN salute.*

SERGEANT.

We have orders, CAPTAIN, to search every house in this quarter of the town. Information has reached headquarters that several families in this neighborhood are harboring Union deserters and Rebel spies.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Rises.*] There is no spy in this house!

SERGEANT.

How about Union deserters and Rebel soldiers? At any rate, our orders are to search every house. You will pardon me, madam. [*He starts up the steps, the MEN following.*]

BARBARA.

[*Coming down a step.*] There is no one here!

SERGEANT.

[*Roughly.*] Stand aside; your word's not enough!

[*Raises his arm to push past her.*]

TRUMBULL.

One minute, SERGEANT! This lady's word is sufficient for me!

SERGEANT.

I have orders——

TRUMBULL.

[*Interrupting.*] I will be responsible for this house, that there is no one in it. You are not to search. Refer to me at headquarters.

SERGEANT.

[*Going down the steps.*] Very well, CAPTAIN.

TRUMBULL.

By the way, SERGEANT? [SERGEANT and MEN stop.]

SERGEANT.

Yes, CAPTAIN.

TRUMBULL.

I'm not responsible for the house *next door*; you'd better search that!

SERGEANT.

Yes, CAPTAIN! March!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

[*He leads the MEN to NEGLY's steps.*

BARBARA.

[*Laughingly mischievously.*] Oh, he'll be furious!

SERGEANT.

[*At Negly's steps.*] Halt! [*The MEN halt.*

COL. NEGLY.

[*Who has risen in a rage as the SERGEANT and MEN come to his steps.*] By Gawd! it's an outrage! You'll not search my house!

SERGEANT.

Will you open the door, sir, or shall we break it in?

COL. NEGLY.

If you *dare* break my door, sir! No, sir! Come in and search. You'll find nothing, sir, not even a Southern welcome, sir!

[*They go into the house. MAMMY LU appears at an upper window of the Royce house, shaking her dust cloth and muttering angrily at the SOLDIERS till they are out of sight. BARBARA and TRUMBULL have listened. They laugh gently at COL. NEGLY. Then BARBARA sits on the top step again and holds out her hand to TRUMBULL.*

BARBARA.

[*Softly.*] Thank you.

TRUMBULL.

[*Standing before her.*] If he is a spy——

BARBARA.

Who?

TRUMBULL.

[*Meaningly.*] If he is a spy, you must keep him prisoner or make him do no spy's work this visit, for my sake.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

What do you know?

TRUMBULL.

I saw your brother enter.

BARBARA.

On my honor, he's not a spy!

TRUMBULL.

Good! for him and me. [*He sits on the steps below her.*]

BARBARA.

Oh, what a pity *you* are what you are!

TRUMBULL.

Oh, thank you!

BARBARA.

You know what I mean. My father's a Rebel, my brother's a Rebel, I'm a Rebel, and you——

TRUMBULL.

I'm——

BARBARA.

You're a *Yankee*!

TRUMBULL.

Is that all?

BARBARA.

No—— [*Teasingly.*] You're handsome!

TRUMBULL.

[*Terribly embarrassed.*] MISS FRIETCHIE—please!

BARBARA.

Of course for a Yankee I mean—handsome *for a Yankee*!

TRUMBULL.

But——

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Interrupting.*] And you're rather nice—for a Yankee! They've finished with the Neglys.

[*She rises and TRUMBULL also. As the PROVOST GUARD comes out of the Negly house and down the steps, NEGLY has followed them out and is seen smoking furiously on his steps.*

TRUMBULL.

The old gentleman is smoking like a house on fire.

[*Both laugh gently.*

TRUMBULL.

By the way, SERGEANT, have you heard anything of those two men who deserted last week from my regiment?

SERGEANT.

[*Turning to him.*] What men, CAPTAIN?

TRUMBULL.

FRED GELWEX and TIM GREENE.

SERGEANT.

Oh, GELWEX and GREENE. No, sir. Heard nothing good, sir.

TRUMBULL.

They haven't been caught?

SERGEANT.

No, CAPTAIN; but they swore before they cleared out to pay you back some day, sir.

TRUMBULL.

They were both a bad lot, always drunk. They're a good riddance.

SERGEANT.

It's believed they're off to join the Rebels at Hagerstown, sir.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

TRUMBULL.

The Rebels are welcome. [Turning back to BARBARA.

SERGEANT.

Yes, CAPTAIN. [Salutes, turns to his MEN.] March!  
[The SERGEANT and SOLDIERS pass on down the street to search the other houses.

BARBARA.

Would you fight for *our* side?

TRUMBULL.

[Very quietly.] No.

BARBARA.

Not even for *my* sake, not if I begged you?

TRUMBULL.

[Still quietly.] No!

BARBARA.

And yet you pretend to care for me?

TRUMBULL.

[Seizing the chance to tease a little himself.] What makes you think so?

BARBARA.

Oh, you——

TRUMBULL.

Yankee!

BARBARA.

Yes. No Rebel would have been rude enough to take that advantage of me! But I'll tell you how you can make up for it.

TRUMBULL.

How?

BARBARA.

By telling me outright what you *do* think of me.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

TRUMBULL.

Oh, no, no. I *daren't*!

BARBARA.

[*Uneasy.*] Why not?

TRUMBULL.

You haven't told me what you thought of me.

BARBARA.

Yes, I have; that you were very, very nice—for a Yankee.

TRUMBULL.

Well, then, I think you are very, *very* adorable—for a Rebel.

BARBARA.

Oh, I'm tired of hearing so much of Rebel and Yankee!

TRUMBULL.

Good! So am I. Would *you* be a Yankee for my sake?

BARBARA.

[*Angry.*] What! against the South? My South! How dare you ask me that?

TRUMBULL.

It's no more than you asked me!

BARBARA.

But the North is wrong; the South is right!

TRUMBULL.

Oh!

BARBARA.

You are the aggressive party. We only ask to be left alone!

TRUMBULL.

Left alone to do what you shouldn't.



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

We don't acknowledge any authority of yours to dictate to us what is right and wrong.

TRUMBULL.

You think it right to own slaves?

BARBARA.

Yes! There isn't a darkey on our place who doesn't love us, and we love them.

TRUMBULL.

You hold it right to buy and sell human flesh, to take the young child from its mother, the wife from her husband——

BARBARA.

[*Interrupting.*] How dare you repeat those things to me?

TRUMBULL.

I speak the truth. Here, in this very house——

BARBARA.

[*More angry.*] Stop! I won't listen. Not to those black-guard lies from Union papers!

TRUMBULL.

Ah! you know what I say is true.

BARBARA.

[*Rising, furious.*] No, lies! lies! *Confound all you Yankee liars!*

TRUMBULL.

[*Rising.*] MISS FRIETCHIE——

BARBARA.

The South! I'd die for her. And *you* ask me if I'd give her up, you with your Northern lies about her! You've seen the flagpost on our house. There used to fly from it an

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

American flag, given my grandfather by Thomas Jefferson; but, when *this war* broke out, we tore it down in rags!

TRUMBULL.

Good night.

BARBARA.

[*Still angry.*] Good night! [TRUMBULL goes up the street angrily, firmly. BARBARA goes to the side of the steps, and, leaning over, whispers timidly.] CAPTAIN TRUMBULL—— [TRUMBULL reaches the Royce corner without turning. BARBARA repeats in a whisper, a more coaxing one: CAPT. TRUMBULL—— [He hesitates a moment, and then, turning, comes toward her slowly, expecting her to speak. He comes beside the steps. She stands on the top one, leaning against the column of the balcony.] “ ’Tis but thy name that is my enemy!”

TRUMBULL.

[*With his two arms leaning against the railing, not yet understanding that it is a quotation.*] That’s right, Miss FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

“What’s in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet; so Romeo would were he not Romeo called.”

TRUMBULL.

[*Delighted, recognizing the lines now.*] By George! yes, that’s it! You and I—Romeo and Juliet!

BARBARA.

But Romeo promised to forswear his name for Juliet.

TRUMBULL.

I don’t blame him if Juliet were a “Rebel!”

BARBARA.

Then you will forswear yours?

**BARBARA FRIETCHIE.**

**TRUMBULL.**

Oh, no!

**BARBARA.**

Then Romeo was no *Yankee*!

**TRUMBULL.**

He was a lover, that's enough, and so am I! But don't let us be like those unlucky duffers. Let us live and be happy, in spite of the war. You do love me a little, **BARBARA**?

**BARBARA.**

[*Leaning over and giving him her hand.*] Come back up on the steps!

[*Keeping hold of her hand, he comes around the railing and joins her.*]

**TRUMBULL.**

[*Pointing up.*] You see that star?

**BARBARA.**

[*Laughing, shakes her head at him.*] Oh, no! no you don't! Nearly every man in Frederick has tried to show me that star!

**TRUMBULL.**

No, I wasn't going to play a trick. I don't want kisses I have to steal from you.

**BARBARA.**

Oh, dear me! Aren't you particular about your old kisses!

**TRUMBULL.**

**BARBARA**, *will* you kiss me?

**BARBARA.**

No!

**TRUMBULL.**

Ah! **BARBARA**, will you *marry* me?

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

What?

TRUMBULL.

Will you be my wife?

BARBARA.

*[After a decided pause, trying to turn from him, not daring to look into his face, lets him seize her hand, and then turns impulsively, lifts her eyes, which are wet, to his, and smiling, whispers.]* Yes! *[He holds her close in his arms for a moment. Then she raises her head, and, half playfully, speaks to him.]* Step down—only one step! *[He steps down one step.]* Do you see that star? *[Pointing.]*

TRUMBULL.

Where? *[Looking up.]*

BARBARA.

There! *[Kissing him.]* I like stolen kisses best!

TRUMBULL.

*[Again taking her into his arms.]* My little Rebel! My Rebel!

BARBARA.

Yes, my Yankee love, my soldier! Still a Rebel, though I'll be your wife. I've fought against it all I could. I've been silly and wilful and frivolous with you, but you saw behind my woman's barricade. *[She sits on the top step.]*

TRUMBULL.

Yes, I saw you!

*[Sitting on the step below her and taking both her hands in his.]*

BARBARA.

I love you! I've tried not to, but a love like mine must rule even in the heart it dwells in. I think its only master

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

can be God. For, though I love my father dearly, dearly! though I love my brother second best, and love this house where mother taught me everything I know—including prayers—and love this town—the very bricks of the streets through which I've wandered into girlhood—and Maryland and all the South, the blessed, sweet, dear South, still you, you Northerner—you *Yankee!*—you, my soldier lover—I love you *most!*

[*He embraces her, she rests in his arms. FRIETCHIE, coming along the street, reaches the Negly house, and is observed by NEGLY, who rises.*

COL. NEGLY.

Is that you, FRIETCHIE?

[*The lovers start apart, and, rising, listen.*

FRIETCHIE.

[*A handsome old gentleman, with fine face and sympathetic manner. He is such a man as Stuart would have loved to paint; a noble character, but a poor politician; stubborn but human.*] Yes. Have you heard the Northerners are in possession of Hagerstown, too, but our men are going to try and take it back.

[*BARBARA and TRUMBULL close the front door and stand again in the dim light.*

COL. NEGLY.

Come up here. That isn't *all* the Northerners are taking! There's something you must keep out of their hands, FRIETCHIE! Come up.

[*FRIETCHIE joins NEGLY on his steps.*

TRUMBULL.

Trouble in Hagerstown; I shall have to go.

BARBARA.

No.

[*Putting her hand upon his arm.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

TRUMBULL.

[*Kissing her hand.*] Yes!

FRIETCHIE.

Well, what's your news?

COL. NEGLY.

[*Clearing his throat.*] It's a delicate matter.

[*He hesitates.*]

BARBARA.

[*Softly to TRUMBULL.*] I know, SALLY told me; it's about us.

COL. NEGLY.

After all, if you don't mind, I'd rather tell you inside. It's about the man over there on your steps.

FRIETCHIE.

[*Looking, but it is too dark to see.*] With BARBARA?

COL. NEGLY.

[*Strong.*] Yes!

FRIETCHIE.

CAPTAIN TRUMBULL?

COL. NEGLY.

Yes, damn him!

FRIETCHIE.

By thunder, you're right! I won't have it!

[*The two couples are heard in the distance coming back from their walk. They are singing "Listen to the Mocking Bird."*]

COL. NEGLY.

The whole town's excited over it. Let's talk it over inside.

[*They enter the Negly house. TRUMBULL whistles.*]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

Exactly! Whistle for me, too! Here come the GIRLS. They've been for a walk.

[SALLY and EDGAR, LAURA and HAL, both couples arm in arm, come along the street, past the Negly house. As they reach the Frietchie steps TRUMBULL rises.

SALLY.

We've had a beautiful—— [She stops as she sees the figure of TRUMBULL.

BARBARA.

Sit down!

LAURA.

[Coming up behind SALLY.] Of course, we're dead tired—  
[Breaking off as she sees the Union officer.

SALLY.

[Very pointedly.] Excuse me—who's with you, BARBARA?

BARBARA.

CAPTAIN TRUMBULL.

LAURA.

That Yankee!

[She lifts her skirts away and draws back almost to the curbstone.

SALLY.

Excuse me! [Following LAURA's example.

EDGAR.

Good night, BARBARA!

SALLY.

[At the same time.] Good evening!

LAURA.

Good evening!

**BARBARA FRIETCHIE.**

*[They continue on up the street, singing "Dixie" with marked emphasis, the GIRLS tossing their heads high in the air as they pass TRUMBULL, turning at the corner to fling back "Dixie" in his face.]*

BARBARA.

My friends are polite!

TRUMBULL.

And your father?

BARBARA.

Oh, father won't be like that.

TRUMBULL.

No?

BARBARA.

No, he'll be worse!

TRUMBULL.

Worse?

BARBARA.

Oh, father'll be something awful!

TRUMBULL.

But *you'll* persuade him?

BARBARA.

Perhaps—in time.

TRUMBULL.

In time? *To-night!*

BARBARA.

To-night?

TRUMBULL.

I mean to ask him to-night!

BARBARA.

No, no! You'll never dare!



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

TRUMBULL.

Oh, yes, I will. I may be off to Hagerstown to fight in the morning, and I won't leave here without telling your father. I'll not give him a chance to say I stole your heart on the sly and was afraid or ashamed to ask for it outright.

[NEGLEY and FRIETCHIE come out of NEGLEY's house. Both are excited.]

FRIETCHIE.

Come over and hear me. I'll give him his congé to-night! Now! [*They come down the steps and go to FRIETCHIE's house.*]

BARBARA.

He's coming over. Not now! not now!

TRUMBULL.

Yes, now!

BARBARA.

[*Giving him her hand.*] Then I'll stand by you.

[*She drops his hand, however, as NEGLEY and FRIETCHIE reach the steps.*]

FRIETCHIE.

Good evening, daughter. Sir!

BARBARA.

[*Interrupts.*] CAPT. TRUMBULL, father!

FRIETCHIE.

Sir!

TRUMBULL.

[*Interrupts.*] Good evening, sir!

FRIETCHIE.

Sir! Allow me a word!

TRUMBULL.

[*Interrupting.*] Pardon me! Good evening, Col.





Photo by Byron.

*"I was about to say, sir, in the politest terms I am able to master, that the door of my house from to-night on is shut to you, sir."*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

NEGLY. [COL. NEGLY *snorts*. To FRIETCHIE] You were about to say, sir?

FRIETCHIE.

I was about to say, sir, in the politest terms I am able to master, that the door of my house from to-night on is shut to you, sir. My daughter nor no one in my house is at home to you, sir—not to you nor to any other damned Yankee! Have I made myself clear, NEGLY, or has my effort at politeness concealed my meaning?

COL. NEGLY.

No, sir, you have voiced all our sentiments clearly.

BARBARA.

But, father?

FRIETCHIE.

I've not addressed you, BARBARA. Go in the house.

BARBARA.

I won't!

TRUMBULL.

[*Coming down a step.*] Is your prejudice merely based upon my being a Union officer?

FRIETCHIE.

I cannot parley words with you, sir. My prejudice is fixed and unalterable. If you are a gentleman, what I have said ought to be sufficient.

TRUMBULL.

No, sir, being a gentleman, I resent——

COL. NEGLY.

[*Interrupts.*] You resent, sir?

TRUMBULL.

I am not on *your steps*, COL. NEGLY.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

COL. NEGLY.

No, thank God!

TRUMBULL.

May I have a word with you in private, Mr. FRIETCHIE?

FRIETCHIE.

No, sir! I will be obliged to you if you will consider this interview is terminated, sir!

COL. NEGLY.

Right, FRIETCHIE!

TRUMBULL.

That cannot be, sir, until I tell you that—— [*A pause.*] I love your daughter! [*He waits for the exclamation he expects from the TWO MEN, but both start back in silence, too stunned to make a sound.*] I love your daughter, and have asked her to-night to be my wife!

FRIETCHIE.

What!

TRUMBULL.

To be my wife!

COL. NEGLY.

[*With great emphasis.*] No siree!

TRUMBULL.

[*To NEGLY.*] I am not asking you for your daughter sir!

COL. NEGLY.

No, thank God!

FRIETCHIE.

Never! Do you hear me! Give him his answer, BARBARA!

BARBARA.

I have already!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

FRIETCHIE.

[To TRUMBULL.] Wasn't that enough, sir?

TRUMBULL.

[After a quick look exchanged with BARBARA.] Quite!

BARBARA.

[Taking TRUMBULL's hand.] I said yes, father!

FRIETCHIE

What! You said yes? You'd give yourself to this Yankee nobody, who comes here to rob you of all you have, make your father penniless and take your very brother's life if he can? No! [*He seizes her wrist and drags her hand out of TRUMBULL's.*] I'd sooner give you to the first Confederate deserter that came crawling along the road and feel surer of your happiness! Go into the house!

BARBARA.

No, father!

TRUMBULL.

Your insult I pass over, sir, for your daughter's sake

FRIETCHIE.

[To BARBARA.] Do as I bid you; go to your own room! Your father will take care of you, in spite of yourself. [*She goes into the house, with a meaning look at TRUMBULL, who makes a movement toward her, stopped by FRIETCHIE.*] Come in, too, NEGLY.

[NEGLY goes into the house, giving a loud snort as he passes TRUMBULL.]

TRUMBULL.

[To FRIETCHIE.] Sir, if you wish credentials of my character and family——

FRIETCHIE.

[Turns on top step and looks fiercely at TRUMBULL.]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Damn you, sir, good night! [*Enters house and slams the door.*]

COL. NEGLY.

[*Opening the door on a crack.*] And damn your family, too, sir!

[*Shuts the door. TRUMBULL stands a moment undecided. The shutters above leading on to the balcony softly open. An ORDERLY comes quickly around the Royce corner, and, coming to TRUMBULL, salutes him. TRUMBULL returns the salute. BARBARA comes softly out into the moonlight on the balcony.*]

ORDERLY.

[*Who speaks with some force, and suppressed excitement.*] Orders to break and start for Hagerstown at day-break, CAPTAIN, to reinforce Gen. Reno!

TRUMBULL.

Very well. I'll be with the men at once.

ORDERLY.

Gen. Lee is advancing with his whole army. Expectations of heavy fighting early in the morning!

TRUMBULL.

That's bad news, PERKINS.

ORDERLY.

Yes, sir.

[*Salutes and goes down the street quickly. TRUMBULL turns, about to follow him, but stops to take a farewell look at BARBARA's house. He sees BARBARA on the balcony.*]

BARBARA.

Fst!

[*Leaning over, she whispers.*] More Romeo and Juliet!







Photo by Byron.

*"Listen ! I know the Lutheran Minister there ! I'll be at his house at noon.  
I'll marry you all the same !"*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

TRUMBULL.

[*Going nearer and standing under the side of the balcony.*] Yes.

BARBARA.

To-morrow!

TRUMBULL.

[*Eagerly.*] To-morrow! [*His voice changes suddenly as he realizes.*] To-morrow!—I'm off to Hagerstown at day-break!

BARBARA.

[*Disappointed.*] Hagerstown at daybreak?

FRIETCHIE.

[*In the house.*] BARBARA!

BARBARA.

[*Over her shoulder, looking back.*] Yes, father! [*She turns again to TRUMBULL and leans far over.*] Listen! I know the Lutheran minister there! I'll be at his house at noon. I'll marry you all the same!

[*She unfastens the camelia at her waist, kisses it, and throws the flower down to him; then hurries into the house. Just as TRUMBULL catches the flower a distant bugle call is heard. He thrusts the camelia into his coat, wheels about sharply, and goes on straight down the street, turning the Royce corner without looking back again as*

*The Curtain Falls.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

## THE SECOND ACT.

THE LUTHERAN MINISTER'S HOUSE IN HAGERSTOWN.

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*A pleasant looking room, whose walls are covered with large flowered, green striped paper; faded strong green rep curtains are at the windows, and the rosewood furniture is somewhat uninvitingly covered with haircloth. A bright, big figured carpet is on the floor. A stand of geraniums in bloom is between the windows, and a canary bird in a cage sings intermittently in one. There are two well-painted portraits on the walls, one of MRS. HUNTER, at the age of six, with a small head and a large hoop, leaning against a marble column that supports a blue but cloudy sky, and a big, troublesome red curtain; the other portrait, of her father, done by an itinerant artist in exchange for a suit of well-worn clothes, does not admit of description. There are some interesting family photographs in round gilt and black frames. There is a white marble-topped centre table, with a lamp upon it, on a worsted mat, and a dozen freshly made glasses of currant jelly standing to get cool. There are two walnut "what-nots" in the room, boasting of sea shells, small statuettes and other like objets d'art of the period. The clock upon the mantel, flanked by two vases of dyed dry grasses, points to 11.30 of a sunny morning. BARBARA and SUE are seen pass-*



Photo by Byron.

*Julia Marlowe.*



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*ing quickly by the windows, and a minute after MRS. HUNTER shows the two young ladies into her parlor. MRS. HUNTER is a sweet, placid looking woman, with gray hair in smooth bands. She is a motherly creature and wears a plain morning cap on her head. BARBARA and SUE are dressed in their very best, carrying fans and little parasols, and are happily excited.*

MRS. HUNTER.

Come right in here, young ladies, and wait.

BARBARA.

[*As she and SUE enter.*] Thank you, MRS. HUNTER.

MRS. HUNTER.

Sit down.

[*BARBARA sits on one side of the centre table, SUE on the other, both saying "Thank you," and always showing their only half suppressed excitement.*

Make yourselves quite at home. How did you come over?

[*She sits behind the table, and, taking up a large family work basket, begins to do some darning.*

BARBARA.

Miss ROYCE's old colored man drove us over with their fast horses.

MRS. HUNTER.

You must be tired?

BARBARA.

Oh, no! not a bit! Are we, SUE?

SUE.

Well, I don't suppose *you* are, but *I* am!

MRS. HUNTER.

I expect the Minister back every minute. He's out after

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

news. We heard the Confederate troops were going to try and retake Hagerstown to-day. How's your pa? [*Pro-nounced "paw."*]

BARBARA.

He was very well this morning, thank you, MRS. HUNTER, but I'm afraid he won't be at all well this afternoon.

[*Exchanging a meaning look with SUE, she goes nervously to the window and looks out.*]

SUE.

If he don't lose his mind altogether, like poor JACK NEGLY, it'll be a godsend!

MRS. HUNTER.

You don't mean COL. NEGLY's son?

SUE.

Yes, he's been *queer* for a long time. But goodness! since BARBARA jilted him——

BARBARA.

[*Turning about at the window, tries to stop her.*] SUE!

[*She turns her head again to look out of the window.*]

SUE.

Well! you know what I mean. BARBARA won't have him, MRS. HUNTER, and this morning——

BARBARA.

SUE!

[*Coming back to behind MRS. HUNTER.*]

SUE.

Well, he behaved in the craziest kind of a way, and he's trying his best to get out of Frederick and enlist in our army! His own mother says it's a crime, that he ought to be shut up in an asylum. And COL. NEGLY's turned against BARBARA on account of it!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

MRS. HUNTER.

Is that what you've come to see MR. HUNTER for?

BARBARA.

[*More excited.*] Not exactly!

[*She and SUE laugh nervously.*

MRS. HUNTER.

[*Embarrassed.*] Excuse me for asking——

BARBARA.

[*Leaning over SUE's shoulder.*] Shall I tell her? [*Anxious to.*

SUE.

Why not? You've told everybody you've seen!

BARBARA.

I've come to see MR. HUNTER about a wedding.

MRS. HUNTER.

Good gracious! not your pa again?

BARBARA.

No, indeedy!

MRS. HUNTER.

[*Relieved.*] I was going to say he's had *two* and——

BARBARA.

[*Interrupting.*] No, it's *my* wedding to a Yankee officer!

MRS. HUNTER.

[*Rising.*] For land's sake! will wonders never cease! When?

BARBARA.

This morning. Hasn't he been here, or sent a note?

MRS. HUNTER.

Not that I know of. Bless me, I *must* red up a bit! [*Go-*



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*ing about the room and straightening the furniture and dusting the what-nots.] Dreadfully sorry I made currant jelly this morning and set it cooling here on the centre table. Don't dare move it, for fear it's begun to jell! Too bad! Does your pa know?*

BARBARA.

*[Following her. SUE goes to the window.] No!*

MRS. HUNTER.

You're running away? *[BARBARA nods her head a little timidly.]*

BARBARA.

Yes, sort of—— something of that sort!

MRS. HUNTER.

He's against it? *[BARBARA nods her head again more emphatically.]*

MRS. HUNTER.

*[Blowing dust off the mantel shelf.]* You oughtn't to go against your pa, dear.

BARBARA.

I can't help it. You'll be a witness all the same, won't you, MRS. HUNTER? *[Putting her arm coaxingly about her.]*

MRS. HUNTER.

Well, my dear, it's all very well *my* consenting to be a witness, but I doubt very much if the Minister'll marry you!

BARBARA.

*[With her arm still around MRS. HUNTER and hugging her coaxingly.]* Oh, MRS. HUNTER, why not?

MRS. HUNTER.

What ever will your pa say?

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Taking her arm away.*] Nothing proper for *me* to repeat, I am sure! But he's not a judge of whom I must love, MRS. HUNTER. [*Coming to behind the centre table again.*]

MRS. HUNTER

Yes, but I'm afraid the Minister'll think it wrong. He's got a strong sense of duty. [*Coming also to the table.*]

BARBARA.

[*Sits behind the table, leaning on her arms, and almost crying.*] Oh, no, MRS. HUNTER, you don't think he'd refuse me *a little thing like that*? After I've come all this way just to see him!

MRS. HUNTER.

Well, my dear, if the Minister's wife could marry you, there wouldn't be any difficulty. But you see that wouldn't be legal.

BARBARA.

What a pity!

MRS. HUNTER.

Anyway, I'll just change my cap, so as to be ready in case he *is* willing. [*Sits absent-mindedly.*] My! you've that flustered me! [*Rising again.*] I hope he's a good man, MISS BARBARA. [*Going toward the hall door on the left side of the room.*]

BARBARA.

Wait and see. You'll want to marry him yourself!

MRS. HUNTER.

[*Smiling.*] Heaven forbid! I'm not like your pa!

[*She goes out.* BARBARA runs to the window, where SUE is.

BARBARA.

[*Looking out with SUE, both their backs toward the room.*] Is he coming?

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

SUE.

No, but something seems to be going on. Don't you see all the people?

BARBARA.

No! So long as I don't see *him*, I don't see *anybody*!

SUE.

[*Motioning.*] Look! there are lots of soldiers hurrying about. Perhaps one is he.

BARBARA.

*He isn't a soldier; he's a captain!*

SUE.

[*Turning to BARBARA.*] Oh, what a fine tail our cat's got! But perhaps he'll be too busy and can't come.

BARBARA.

He'll come! It's early yet.

[*Going to look at the clock on the mantel.*]

SUE.

Yes, and a nice modest bride you are; coming half an hour too soon! [*Leaning out of the window, she calls.*] Boy! boy! Come in the garden a minute!

BARBARA.

Are you going to send him for CAPT. TRUMBULL?

SUE.

Hardly! Boy! [*In a lower voice, showing the boy is in the garden and within hearing.*] What's the matter?

Boy.

[*Outside, excitedly.*] The Rebs are coming to take back the town from the Yankees! They're only a mile now down the pike. You can see them from the roof of your house!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Hurrying to the other window.*] Where'll they fight?

BOY.

Everybody says here first probably!

SUE.

[*Coming from the window.*] Here! Oh, BARBARA! let's get away!

BARBARA.

[*Coming to her.*] Without being married? No, indeed!

BOY'S VOICE.

[*In the distance.*] Hi! You'd better shut your shutters!

SUE.

[*Follows BARBARA.*] But *I'm* not going to be married!

BARBARA.

Well, I *am*, even if drums must play my wedding march!

SUE.

Supposing CAPT. TRUMBULL can't come here?

BARBARA.

He'll come!

SUE.

He may be needed to defend the town. He'll have to fight.

[*Goes to the window again.*]

BARBARA.

He'll have to get married first, and then, if he has to fight, he'll have a wife's kisses on his lips and a wife's love in his heart to charm away the bullets and a wife's *prayers* going up to Heaven for him.

SUE.

[*At the window.*] Here he comes!

[*Comes back to BARBARA.*]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

I knew it! [*They become very nervous and excited.*] Oh, SUE, I hope he won't think me too—too—too something for being here so much before him!

SUE.

[*Amused, teasing her.*] Of course, BAB, it is *more customary* for the bridegroom to await the arrival of the bride!

BARBARA.

Oh, SUE, do you think *he'll* think——  
[*Looking about her.*] I wish there were another door; I'd go out and come back again, as if I'd just arrived. Wait! I've an idea. Hurry, take my arm. We'll pretend he's late and that I was tired of waiting and we're about to go! Pretend we thought the hour fixed was half-past eleven. Don't forget, SUE, *half-past eleven!*

TRUMBULL.

[*In the hall outside.*] In the parlor, thank you.

BARBARA.

I shall be very haughty with him! [*Very loud to SUE, pointedly.*] Come, dear. *We won't wait any longer; it's unpardonable.*

[CAPT. TRUMBULL enters.]

TRUMBULL.

BARBARA!

[*Holding out both his hands.*]

BARBARA.

[*Rushing to him and giving him both hers, cries out joyfully.*] Will! I thought you'd never come. The time was noon, you know!

TRUMBULL.

I've been getting a license, hunting up the Minister and begging him to take the time to marry us.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

I knew you'd manage it. You see SUE [*turning to SUE, whom TRUMBULL then sees.*]

TRUMBULL.

Our bridesmaid? [*Shaking hands with SUE.*]

SUE.

[*With a quick little curtsey.*] Yes, indeedy!

BARBARA.

And you *persuaded* MR. HUNTER to marry us?

TRUMBULL.

I think so. You see he knows my people in Connecticut. At any rate, he said he'd follow me in a few minutes. We haven't many. You won't mind being married in a hurry? [*Taking her hand.*]

BARBARA.

It's true, the Southerners are coming?

TRUMBULL.

[*Leaving go, tenderly, of BARBARA'S hand.*] Yes, we are filling the houses along the street with sharpshooters. Men of the Seventy-fourth Connecticut, my regiment, are to take their stand in this house.

SUE.

Here!

BARBARA.

This house!

TRUMBULL.

DR. HUNTER is out warning women and children to keep out of danger. I would have sent you word not to come to-day had I known in time.

SUE.

[*On a half cry.*] Oh, I wish you had! I wish we were home!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

I should have come all the same. My place is here, as near you as I can be, with your life in danger.

TRUMBULL.

But all you women in the house must go into the cellar; that's the only place that will be safe from bullets.

*[During this speech SUE steals softly from the room, to leave the other two alone.]*

BARBARA.

And you? Oh, my love, my love!

*[Resting quietly in his arms, her head on his shoulder and looking up into his face.]*

You'll be in the fighting——

TRUMBULL.

The Seventy-fourth shall behave worthy of their CAPTAIN'S wife, if I can make them.

BARBARA.

But you! Oh, just as you are *mine*! If you should be—— should be——

*[She cannot say the dreadful thing, and comes out of his arms, but keeps close to him, burying her face on his shoulder.]*

TRUMBULL.

Be brave, dear. If it should be, I'll fall loving you and trying to serve my country!

BARBARA.

Your country against *mine*!

TRUMBULL.

No. *Our* country! North and South were one in 1776. They'll be one again in 1876.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE,

BARBARA.

Yes, in 1776 they were betrothed. This war's a lovers' quarrel; after it they'll *wed* for good, like you and I to-day.

TRUMBULL.

And then *nothing can separate* them.

BARBARA.

Not even death!

*[Resting again in his arms, he kisses her silently. After a moment's pause, she moves to a chair, and, still holding his hand, makes him draw a chair nearer and sit beside her.]*

WILL, yesterday I told you I was still a Rebel, after all your reasoning.

TRUMBULL.

But still *my* Rebel!

BARBARA.

All night I lay awake and tried to take your point of view, and by the morning——

TRUMBULL.

By the morning——

BARBARA.

By the morning it was easier. Perhaps—perhaps we're wrong. But still I'm torn between the two—you whom I love best on one side; everything else I love stands on the other—and this war, this cruel war blackens our skies with its powder clouds, stains our grass with our own heart's blood, destroys our homes and ruins the land we cherish! What can we women do? My brother escaped to-day and will be with our—with his troops—when they march into Hagerstown this morning. His gun points toward *your* heart, *yours* toward *his*!

TRUMBULL.

God save his life!



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

'And yours! See!

[*Rising.* TRUMBULL rises. *She takes an old patched American flag from a little beaded bag at her side.*

This is the flag I told you of last night; my grandfather's!

TRUMBULL.

Yes, I remember; but you told me it was torn.

BARBARA.

It was. I mended it at sunrise. Then I folded it as you see, close and small as I could, and I give it to you, my Yankee soldier, for a wedding gift. But you must let me place it here. [*Slipping it inside his coat, on the left side.*] Over your heart, your wife's flag, and may it be some sort of shield to save your life for her.

[*MRS. HUNTER and SUE come in again. MRS. HUNTER has changed her cap and added a white lace "bertha." She brings a bouquet of flowers, which she has gathered in her garden for BARBARA.*

MRS. HUNTER.

I don't know where DR. HUNTER can be, but I'm quite ready. Good morning, CAPT. TRUMBULL.

[*Giving flowers to BARBARA and kissing her.*] My love and good wishes.

BARBARA.

Thank you, MRS. HUNTER.

MRS. HUNTER.

Take off your bonnet, dearie. It's bad luck to wed in the house in a bonnet. [*Taking BARBARA's bonnet, she drops it.*

BARBARA.

Oh! be careful of it, MRS. HUNTER! I hadn't a new one of my own, so I borrowed this one of SUE. You know,



Photo by Byron.

*"This is the flag I told you of last night; my grandfather's."*



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

"Something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue."

MRS. HUNTER.

This is a sad way for a young girl to be married.

[Putting BARBARA'S bonnet on the sofa.

TRUMBULL.

BARBARA is a soldier's bride, MRS. HUNTER, and she's going to be brave.

[SUE goes to BARBARA, sobbing.

SUE.

Oh, BAB! BAB!

[She cries on her neck.

BARBARA.

SUE! SUE! You'll be a nice damp bridesmaid! [Putting her away affectionately.

MRS. HUNTER.

[Taking SUE to the window, where they discreetly pretend to be interested in the garden, with their backs turned.]

Come, sit down!

TRUMBULL.

[Taking BARBARA'S hand and drawing her to one side.] I had no time to get another, so I'm going to use my mother's wedding ring. She put it on my finger when I was twenty-one.

[Showing her a narrow, well-worn ring.

BARBARA.

[Tenderly, looking at the ring.] No ring in the world would have pleased me half so much.

[A loud, harsh church bell suddenly begins to clang noisily.

MRS. HUNTER.

[Startled, rises.] What's that for?

TRUMBULL.

To warn the townspeople that there's likely to be fighting.

[SUE rises, frightened.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

SUE.

Oh, BAB! [SUE and MRS. HUNTER come a few steps forward.]

TRUMBULL.

There's no danger yet, MISS ROYCE.

[MRS. HUNTER goes to a window and looks out. SUE follows. As TRUMBULL has given his answer to MRS. HUNTER, BARBARA has clung more tightly to him, and, turning her face up to his, gives him a long look, full of love, but yet fearful for the ordeal ahead.]

MRS. HUNTER.

[Coming away from the window.] Here comes somebody; it's probably the Minister!

BARBARA.

The Minister!

TRUMBULL.

The Minister!

SUE.

The Minister!

[Lively excitement on the part of BARBARA. She runs, tripping prettily about the room, to make all kinds of unnecessary preparations.]

BARBARA.

Get ready everybody! The Bible! We must have the Bible!

[Taking a large book from the table between the windows.]

MRS. HUNTER.

No! no! that's the photograph album! [Taking it away from her.] However, you won't need a Bible.

BARBARA.

[Laughing hysterically.] Won't need it? Dear me! MRS. HUNTER says we won't need——





Photo by Byron.

*She hangs on to the Captain's arm and watches expectantly the hall door open.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

[She interrupts herself to arrange the little party. She changes SUE's position several times to where she will look "really best," and gets very confused as to which side of CAPT. TRUMBULL she shall stand, but finally gives a sigh of relief, as, after a final dash for her almost forgotten bouquet, with flushed cheeks, happy eyes and beating heart, she hangs on to the CAPTAIN'S left arm and watches expectantly the hall door open. They stand on the right, SUE beside BARBARA and MRS. HUNTER behind the centre table. An ORDERLY bursts into the room.

ORDERLY.

CAPT. TRUMBULL?

[Salutes.

TRUMBULL.

What is it, PERKINS?

ORDERLY.

Sent by Gen. Reno to tell you to join your company with all speed, sir! The enemy are only a few yards off, and our troops are to leave this end of the town open to them!

[BARBARA'S bouquet slips unheeded from her hand.

MRS. HUNTER.

Leave this end? What's that for?

TRUMBULL.

A trap probably. We outnumber the Rebels. Coming, PERKINS?

ORDERLY.

Yes, CAPTAIN. I've a horse here for you.

[Salutes and goes out.

BARBARA.

[Going to her CAPTAIN.] You must go? Without—you can't wait for MR. HUNTER?



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

TRUMBULL.

*He must wait for us to-morrow. Good-bye.*

*[They stand facing each other, his arms around her, her hands on his shoulders, and look long, lovingly and fearfully into each other's eyes.]*

MRS. HUNTER.

*[Going to SUE, whispers.]* Come.

*[Leads her by the hand to the window, where they stand, half hidden by the curtains, their backs turned toward the room. The bell stops ringing. After BARBARA and TRUMBULL have gazed a few moments into each other's eyes, he takes the ring he had shown her off his finger and places it on BARBARA's wedding finger, and then kisses it on her hand. She flings her arms about his neck and kisses him.]*

TRUMBULL.

*[Firmly.]* I must go now.

BARBARA.

*[Clinging to him.]* Yes, yes; I know, I know.

*[Following him toward the door and holding on to him.]*

TRUMBULL.

Good-bye, little woman. *[Putting off her hands tenderly.]*

BARBARA.

*[In an agonized whisper.]* Good-bye. Your wife all the same, WILL; your wife, your wife.

*[Again putting her hands upon his arm.]*

TRUMBULL.

Yes, my wife! Take care of yourself.

BARBARA.

And you?

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

TRUMBULL.

I'm going to make you proud of the Seventy-fourth!  
[Smiling bravely and again putting her hands tenderly from off him.]

BARBARA.

I know it. I know it.

TRUMBULL.

Good-bye. [Again clinging to his arm, she starts to go with him out through the door.]

No, stay here. Don't come any further. Every minute makes it harder.

[She stands still. He goes over the threshold. He turns and looks at her.]

Good-bye, girl!

[He passes out.]

BARBARA.

[Standing in front of the open door.] Good-bye, boy!

[The outside door is heard to slam. BARBARA hurries to the empty window and leans out. She throws some kisses and stands watching. MRS. HUNTER and SUE turn from their window.]

SUE.

Poor BAB!

MRS. HUNTER.

Yes, indeedy! I suppose the Minister has just had to stay with the troops.

[BARBARA turns and speaks quickly, coming from the window.]

BARBARA.

Now, what can we do? Surely we can do something? We can help somehow.

MRS. HUNTER.

I don't see what just now. If any one gets wounded near here we can—

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Interrupting and sobbing on MRS. HUNTER's bosom.*]  
Oh, MRS. HUNTER, you're sure, you're sure there'll be fighting?

MRS. HUNTER.

I've seen one skirmish already, dear, right here in our front yard.  
[*Comforting her in her arms.*]

SUE.

[*At the window.*] Oh! our men are coming now, sure; you can see the dust. Shall we close the shutters?

MRS. HUNTER.

Yes, quickly.

[*Moving to the other window, she closes its shutters. SUE at the same time closes the shutters of her window. The sunlight goes from the room when this is done, leaving a dull, dark daylight. BARBARA stands motionless in the centre of the room, lost for the moment in her unhappy thoughts.*]

MRS. HUNTER.

[*Going to SUE.*] Would you mind helping me put away some of my best things? If they should fight outside, everything's likely to be ruined.

[*Taking the pair of vases with dried grasses off the mantel and also the clock.*]

SUE.

[*In a half whisper.*] Look at BARBARA!

MRS. HUNTER.

Let her alone, poor girl! and take off those tatting tidies. Will you, MISS ROYCE, please? My Aunt Sarah made 'em, and I treasure 'em highly.

[*SUE takes the tidies off the sofa and chairs and gets the*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*family Bible and photograph album. MRS. HUNTER moves the jelly jars to the mantel.*

These soldiers just don't care what they do. They'll use everything they can lay their hands on for the wounded without a moment's forethought.

*[There is a loud rapping on the wooden shutter of one of the windows. The WOMEN are frightened. BARBARA starts out of her reverie and goes to the window, but does not open it.]*

BARBARA.

What is it?

BOY.

The Rebs are coming! the Rebs are coming! They're right here; there'll be fighting! Look out!

SUE.

*[In hysterical fright.]* Oh, BARBARA! oh, MRS. HUNTER! Oh, I wish I were home! I'll never go with you to get married again, BARBARA FRIETCHIE! Oh, we'll be killed! we'll all be killed!

MRS. HUNTER.

*[Crossing with SUE to the hall door.]* No! no! Come, put those things downstairs! I'll lock the front door, and then we'd all better go into the cellar.

BARBARA.

I shall stay here!

SUE.

No, no, BAB!

MRS. HUNTER.

You come now, MISS ROYCE. I'll be back for MISS BARBARA. I want to bolt the front door.

*[SUE and MRS. HUNTER go out of the room.]*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[Goes to the window, and, moving the shutter a little, looks out. She shows that she sees the Southern soldiers, and, closing the shutter quickly, calls back into the room.] They're some of them here already in the street!

[She looks out cautiously again. A loud knocking on the street door. BARBARA quickly closes the shutter and steps away from the window into the room. The knocking is repeated. MRS. HUNTER appears in the hall doorway, frightened.]

MRS. HUNTER.

Some of 'em are at our door!

[The knocking changes to pounding of the door with the butt end of a musket.]

ARTHUR FRIETCHIE.

[Voice loud outside.] This is the confounded Union Preacher's house. Beat in the door if they won't answer!

[Louder pounding on the door.]

BARBARA.

Hadn't we better open? Shall I go?

MRS. HUNTER.

No, I'll go. [She goes out and is heard drawing a bolt.]

ARTHUR FRIETCHIE.

[Strides into the room, his arm in a sling, followed by FOUR CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS—GELWEX, GREENE and TWO OTHERS—speaking before and as he enters. The FOUR MEN stand in twos by the windows.] We want your house, madam, for our sharpshooters. We won't harm you or any of your possessions.

[He sees BARBARA.] BARBARA! No! BARBARA?

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Equally surprised.*] *You, Arthur! Thank God!*

[*Taking his hand.* MRS. HUNTER *enters.*] MRS. HUNTER, this is my brother. He'll protect us! ARTHUR, this is my friend, MRS. HUNTER.

ARTHUR FRIETCHIE.

She's a Unioner. Her husband is known all over Maryland for his bitterness. What are you doing with them?

BARBARA.

Oh, never mind; they are *my friends*. *You'll protect them!*

ARTHUR.

I can do nothing.

BARBARA.

Yes, you can. You won't let your men stay in the house.

ARTHUR.

I must; superior orders!

BARBARA.

But what are they going to do here?

ARTHUR.

They're sharpshooters. They'll each take a window that fronts on the street.

MRS. HUNTER.

Heaven help us!

[*To BARBARA.*] I'll go tell your friend; she'll be getting frightened.

[*She goes out.* BARBARA, *dazed, sinks into a chair by the centre table.*

ARTHUR.

The Yankees are up to some trick. They've left this part

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

of the town open. They imagine, perhaps, we'll think they're retreating, and march along into the hell they have ready for us at the other end. But we're not such fools. We're going to wait here for them to come back after us!

BARBARA.

Do you mean to say you're going to station your men in these windows to hide here safe and shoot out at the unprotected Unioners as they come along?

ARTHUR.

Yes, we'll pick off their best as they come past first, till we've discouraged them a little.

BARBARA.

[*Rising.*] No! no! That's barbarous! that's murder!

ARTHUR.

It's war, sister!

[*To his MEN.*] Clear the windows!

[*The MEN tear down the curtains and move into each window a big piece of furniture, which serves as an extra protection to hide behind. GELWEX, with one man at one window, GREENE and another man at the other.*

BARBARA.

But you, you'll be here?

[*Following ARTHUR around the table as he moves, her hands on his arm.*

ARTHUR.

No, I must go on at once. This isn't the only house.

BARBARA.

And we women, what are we to do?

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

ARTHUR.

Get out of reach of the bullets, for God's sake, and the sooner the better!

BARBARA.

SUE's down in the cellar now.

ARTHUR.

SUE! My SUE?

BARBARA.

Yes, SUE ROYCE.

ARTHUR.

If she should be hurt! What in heaven's name are you Two GIRLS doing here? *Tell me! [Very firmly.]*

BARBARA.

Ah! if you are frightened for her, because you love her, even though she isn't fighting, then you'll feel for *me!* ARTHUR, be generous. I came here this morning to *marry* CAPT. TRUMBULL!

ARTHUR.

What! the Northern officer?

*[GELWEX starts and exchanges a signal with GREENE. They listen intently.]*

BARBARA.

*[Standing in front of ARTHUR to plead with him.]* Wait! Don't speak yet; you don't know him, you've never even *seen* him. How can you judge? He saved you from the SEARCH GANG last night, though you don't know it. He's a good, brave man, and he's here in the army you've come to *fight!* Oh, ARTHUR, he's as dear to me as you can be to SUE and she to you! Pity me! help me!

ARTHUR.

*[Sympathetically.]* I can do nothing, BAB, poor old girl.



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

At any rate, you're not angry with me for loving him?

ARTHUR.

[*With his arm about her shoulders.*] No, I'm sorry for you.

BARBARA.

Shall I call SUE?

ARTHUR.

Yes. No! no! you'd better not. I mustn't see her, I don't dare. Give her this for me. [*Kisses her.*]

[*He turns to his MEN.*] GELWEX, you and—— What's your friend's name?

GREENE.

[*Saluting.*] TIM GREENE, sir.

ARTHUR.

All right. You two stay here. This is a good chance for you new men to show what you are worth to us. The other two follow me upstairs.

GELWEX.

There ain't no upstairs, sir; only an attic.

BARBARA.

This is only a Minister's little cottage, you know.

ARTHUR.

Very well, then; you men here are enough.

[*He takes a step or two nearer the Two MEN, one at each window.*] You know your work. Look where you fire! Pick out your man! Don't aim at nothing!

BARBARA.

Oh, it's dreadful! it's dreadful!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

ARTHUR.

[*Coming back to her.*] Good-bye, dear!

BARBARA.

[*In agony.*] If you two meet—my lover and my brother!

ARTHUR.

That *won't* be—that *can't* be! We won't even think of it.  
[*She presses his hand warmly. He returns the pressure.*

And before another battle you must make a Rebel of him!  
[*BARBARA smiles, ARTHUR goes.*

BARBARA.

[*Speaks after him.*] Come back safely.

ARTHUR.

I'll try. Take care of SUE.

[*He shuts the door behind him. BARBARA stands for a moment looking about her with the manner of one seeking some means, she knows not what, to avert an impending catastrophe. The TWO MEN have taken their positions in the left corners of each window, the shutters open on a crack, the men watching off right, the direction from which the Union men are to come. BARBARA looks at them.*

GELWEX.

You're loaded all right, TIM?

GREENE.

[*Looking.*] All right.

BARBARA.

And you Two MEN are going to carry out your orders?

GELWEX.

Right, young lady, if we get the chance.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

If I were a soldier I'd fight out fair in the ranks. I wouldn't hide safe to kill another man from behind a cover.  
[*The Two SOLDIERS laugh out loud.*]

GELWEX.

If you were a soldier you'd do what you're told, miss.  
[*He watches again, closing the shutters.*]  
Not that this ain't our favorite line in the business. Eh, TIM?

GREENE.

[*Watching closely between his shutters.*] Ya-as!

BARBARA.

[*Noticing their manner and accent.*] But where do you come from? You men are not Southern.

GELWEX.

No, we *ain't* Southern, b'gosh! Be we, TIM?

BARBARA.

You're Northerners?

GELWEX.

The State of *Connecticut* had the *honor* of our birth.

BARBARA.

[*In surprise.*] And you sympathize with the South?

GELWEX.

[*Laughing sarcastically.*] Yes, we sympathize with the South because she pays us for it.

BARBARA.

Pays!

GELWEX.

The South's going to win, miss, and we're on the side of



Photo by Bygon.

*"If I were a soldier I'd fight out fair in the ranks. I wouldn't hide safe to kill another man from behind a cover."*



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

the winning party. We come down here with the Seventy-fourth from Hartford.

[*At this BARBARA starts and looks at them in greater surprise and with emotion.*

And we got licked twice, so we quit.

BARBARA.

[*In disgust.*] You're deserters!

GELWEX.

Awh! call us what you like. Each man must look out for hisself. The Rebs pay well, and if it warn't for us they wouldn't be knowing the Yankees' plan to-day.

BARBARA.

You betrayed your own—— [*She stops, more on her guard.*

GELWEX.

Well, you ain't very grateful, miss! We done it for your side. But why we done it is 'cause the South's going to win, and the winning side's our side! Eh, TIM?

GREENE.

[*Who a moment before has looked out more intensely and listened.*] Psst!

GELWEX.

[*At once on the alert.*] Coming?

[*BARBARA stands still, motionless, alarmed.*

It's only some people in the street. By thunder! if our old regiment comes along; eh, TIM?

BARBARA.

[*To herself in a whisper.*] WILL'S!

GREENE.

We'd pay 'em back!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

GELWEX.

You bet! I ain't forgot the day they done me up in camp with mud and stones.

GREENE.

[*Strong.*] Right you are!

GELWEX.

But listen. I choose CAPT. TRUMBULL, mind you!

GREENE.

All right.

GELWEX.

Let him go by *for me*, he's *my target*! I've got the biggest score against him, and, by God! I'll fix him for them nights in the guard house!

BARBARA.

[*Quickly.*] Why were you in the guard house?

GELWEX.

Getting sober. I've a weakness, lady, for good old rye!  
[*Laughing.*]

BARBARA.

[*As the idea strikes her.*] Well, rye is not a bad drink. Wouldn't you like some now?

GREENE.

No!

GELWEX.

Shut up! Yes, lady; thank you kindly.

BARBARA.

[*Going to the door, calls.*] MRS. HUNTER, MRS. HUNTER!

MRS. HUNTER.

[*In the hall.*] Yes, what is it? Do you need me? [*She enters.*]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Going to her.*] MRS. HUNTER, does the Minister drink?

GELWEX.

[*Laughs coarsely.*] Ha! ha! Does a fish swim?

[MRS. HUNTER *looks angrily at the soldiers.*

BARBARA.

I want some whisky for this good fellow here.

MRS. HUNTER.

[*Angry.*] No, indeedy! there's not a drop in the house.

GREENE.

Sh! Listen, FRED!

[*He and GELWEX press closer to the windows. BARBARA and MRS. HUNTER stand still a moment listening. Then BARBARA whispers so the Two MEN won't hear her.*

BARBARA.

I'm sure you have some; get it. These are two Union deserters! And the worse of the two is a drunkard. He's set on the life of my lover! Oh, for love's sake, get me liquor, so I may drug him!

MRS. HUNTER.

I understand. We have some. [*She starts to go out the door.*

BARBARA.

And, MRS. HUNTER, has the Minister a gun?

MRS. HUNTER.

Yes, but what for——?

BARBARA.

Never mind. Get it! get it! [MRS. HUNTER *goes out.*

GELWEX.

Sh! Damn you! keep still. Yes, they're coming, sure!



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

Who?

GELWEX.

The Yankees! [BARBARA *cries out.*] Don't be frightened; they won't be on us for a few minutes yet. But you'd better go, too, lady.

[*The SOLDIERS watch more closely. The bell begins to clang loudly again.*]

BARBARA.

No. Listen—listen to me a moment. Isn't there any way in which I can persuade you Two Men not to shoot out of those windows?

GELWEX.

Oh, go down in the cellar!

BARBARA.

No! For Heaven's sake won't you show some kindness, some pity? Turn around and look at me! *Look at me!* [*Running to him and throwing herself upon his gun, which is pointed between the shutters. She holds it down for a moment.*] Look into my face! [GELWEX *turns his head and looks at her.*]

*Now listen!* My life and happiness are coming down that road where your guns point!

GELWEX.

That's nothing to do with me! [*Wrenching his gun away, he turns again to aim out of the window.*]

BARBARA.

Have you no feeling? Have you never loved any one—your mother?

GELWEX.

She left me in the gutter!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

Your sweetheart! Surely you have loved someone?

GREENE.

Yes, he *loved* a girl once.

BARBARA.

[*To GELWEX.*] And she loved you?

GELWEX.

No! She married me and left me for another man, taking our baby with her.

[*MRS. HUNTER enters with the whisky, a bottle and a glass, and with her husband's gun.*

BARBARA.

No wonder you're hard if you've had such troubles! Well, here's a good drink to drown them in.

[*Goes to MRS. HUNTER, taking the whisky and glass from her and motioning her to place the gun on the centre table, which MRS. HUNTER does.*

GELWEX.

Good!

[*A fife and drum corps is heard in the distance, playing "We'll Rally Round the Flag, Boys, We'll Rally Round the Flag, Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!"*

GREENE.

Here they are!

[*Places his gun. As BARBARA starts to pour the whisky out into glass, a far-off pistol shot and a distant shout.*

GELWEX.

[*In a hurry to drink.*] Damn the glass!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*[He seizes the bottle out of BARBARA's hand to drink more quickly. She goes toward the table and puts down the glass.]*

GREENE.

*[As GELWEX is about to drink, cries out in great excitement.]* FRED! FRED! Look! look! Can't you see?

GELWEX.

*[Looks, starts, throws down the bottle, which crashes, and gets his gun ready, shouting like a beast.]* Yes! Good! The Seventy-fourth! the Seventy-fourth!

*[BARBARA starts violently and kneels beside the centre table. Two more distant shots, and the drum and fife sound louder. Shouts and cries are heard.]*

GREENE.

Yes, it's them, sure! *[Watching more intensely.]*

*[TRUMBULL's voice is heard outside, coming from up the road. He is urging his men on.]*

TRUMBULL.

Come on, boys! come on! For country and for love!

GELWEX.

*[With strong, fierce emphasis and tightening his grip on his musket.]* Don't interfere with me!

*[BARBARA takes up the Minister's gun.]*

MRS. HUNTER.

*[Behind her.]* Pray, BARBARA, pray!

BARBARA.

You pray. If he puts his finger on the trigger, I'll shoot!

*[GELWEX lifts his gun and shows intense excitement as he takes aim. BARBARA covers him with her gun and holds it steady. As GELWEX puts his finger on the trigger she her-*



Photo by Byrnes.

*"You pray. If he puts his finger on the trigger I'll shoot."*



**BARBARA FRIETCHIE.**

*self shoots. With a loud oath from GELWEX, his gun drops from his hold, and seizing his right arm with his other hand, he turns from the window toward BARBARA, who still kneels at the table, and lifts her head defiantly to his look as*

*The Curtain Falls.*

15 minutes

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

THE THIRD ACT.

TWO DAYS LATER.

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*In the Frietchie house in Frederick. The living room of the house. This is an old Colonial hall, furnished in rose-wood, with faded red brocade upholstery, and curtains of the same at the windows; outside green Venetian blinds. The walls are white, and heavy green-black marble columns support a balcony, which runs across the entire end. From the centre of the balcony comes down a broad, crimson-carpeted staircase, with white spindles and a mahogany rail. Behind the staircase, underneath the balcony is the front door. Off one end of the balcony a door leads to other rooms in the house, off the opposite end a door leads to BARBARA'S room. There are big, comfortable armchairs about, and a table littered with magazines beside a window. Ferns and daisies are growing in the fireplace. Portraits by Copley and Stuart are on the wall. There is a general suggestion of disorder; a bonnet and a pair of woman's gloves lie carelessly on the mantel, a man's cloak has fallen on the floor beside an armchair. It is late in the afternoon. BARBARA sits in the middle of the staircase, listening, sorrowful and tense.*

MAMMY LU.

*[Comes in from the back way, entering by the parlor door at the left.]* MISS BARBARA, is yo' hyah, honey?



Photo by Byron.

*Julia Marlowe.*





BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[Turning her head to see who it is.] Oh, MAMMY LU!  
Is the fighting over?

MAMMY LU.

Yaas, missy, or you wouldn't have cotched dis ole niggah woman out! We ain't heard no shots in our house fo' dis long time.

BARBARA.

[Despairingly.] And we've lost!

MAMMY LU.

Lor' save us, no, honey! Frederick's a Rebel town again, bress de Lord!

BARBARA.

Yes, yes, I know. Why did you come over?

MAMMY LU.

Why, I done been tole, missy, as how all dese low down, ornery niggars of MASSA FRIETCHIE's hez clahed out with the Yankees, and I jes' felt in my bones as I could do something in the house fo' you.

BARBARA.

That's very kind of you, MAMMY. How's SUE?

MAMMY LU.

Oh, she's better; but she near cotched her death goin' with you to Hagerstown. She talk yet exactly like a bull-frog, she does. Missy asked if you'd seen your pa?

BARBARA.

Yes, last night; but he refuses to speak to me.

MAMMY LU.

Lord o' massy! won't speak to his own chile?

BARBARA.

[Rising.] Not a word! He thinks I'm already married

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

to CAPT. TRUMBULL. Now, I want you to go upstairs to the spare room [*sending MAMMY up the stairs*], and let out the man you'll find in the chimney closet.

MAMMY LU.

[*Frightened, stops on the stairs, half way up.*] A man! For Lawd's sake, missy!

BARBARA.

Don't be afraid; he's a Rebel soldier, wounded.

MAMMY LU.

[*Going up stairs and along the balcony to the left.*] Po' man! Done been hurted by some ornery Yank?

BARBARA.

No, he was wounded by a woman, MAMMY.

MAMMY LU.

[*Stops surprised a moment and then goes on.*] Bress my soul!

[*Goes from off the balcony through the door at the left.*]

BARBARA.

[*Calls after her.*] Bring him down here!

[*She turns as she hears some one enter. FRIETCHIE comes in from behind the stairs as she speaks. He is dusty and dirty; his clothes are torn. BARBARA runs toward him.*] Father!

[*FRIETCHIE stops as she comes to him. She looks questioningly at him. He answers her gaze with his eyes, stern, without speaking.*] Father! speak to me!

[*FRIETCHIE moves up the stage to get past her and go to the parlor door. BARBARA steps up the stage at the same time to keep in front of him and block his way.*] No, no, father! The fighting! is it over?

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

[*She waits, but FRIETCHIE does not answer. BARBARA puts her two hands on her father pleadingly.*] Tell me something. Who is wounded—who is safe? CAPT. TRUMBULL?

[*FRIETCHIE, as she speaks "TRUMBULL," deliberately and firmly, but without hurting her, takes her hands off him, and, placing her out of his way, crosses toward the parlor door. BARBARA calls after him, almost beside herself.*] For Heaven's sake, father, speak to me! Listen! I will tell you the truth! I am *not* married to CAPT. TRUMBULL!

FRIETCHIE.

[*Turning by the door.*] Is that the truth, or only said to make me tell you something?

BARBARA.

It is the truth. The fighting at Hagerstown kept the Minister away, and took WILL from me before I could be his wife!

[*Her father goes to her.*] Have you news of him?

FRIETCHIE.

[*Beside her.*] No, nothing!

BARBARA.

[*Looking him straight in the eyes.*] You don't know if he's safe, or—wounded—or—— [*She stops.*]

FRIETCHIE.

Better for you if he *were among the missing!*

BARBARA.

[*Pushing him away from her, throws herself upon the bottom stairs.*] Oh, you are too cruel! I love him! I love him!

FRIETCHIE.

You love your father too, don't you? Well, he's my

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

enemy and your brother's; but he seems to have driven love for your *brother* out of your heart! I've not heard you ask about *his* life!

BARBARA.

[*Eagerly.*] Oh, yes, ARTHUR; have you seen him?

FRIETCHIE.

[*Proudly.*] No, but I've heard! He was in the thick of it, where the fighting was hottest! Ahead, always ahead! God bless him! my boy!

BARBARA.

He's alive?

FRIETCHIE.

Yes. JACK NEGLY saw him.

BARBARA.

[*Rising.*] Thank God for *that*, for *that*!

FRIETCHIE.

They gave COL. NEGLY his commission yesterday, and JACK enlisted in his father's regiment. [BARBARA *stands with her arms linked around the newel post of the staircase. FRIETCHIE walks up and down the hall.*

They say the old war horse fought well. I envy him! But even he doesn't take away the glory from our boy. Every one I've seen agrees Frederick owes most to ARTHUR FRIETCHIE, that she is once more under the Southern flag. Come upstairs with me and we'll put the blessed banner out again.

[*At the foot of the stairs he holds out his hand to her to take her upstairs with him.*

BARBARA.

[*Hesitating and not giving her hand.*] Father—if—if I told you I had wavered in my allegiance to that flag——

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

FRIETCHIE.

[*Who has started a few steps up, turns.*] I wouldn't believe you! Come, come, BARBARA!

[*Leaning over the railing toward her, he grows more tender.*]

You've been attracted by a handsome stranger—this Yankee officer. You think you love him, but you're only a girl. I'm an old man, and I know what such love is worth. Wait till your older. [*Smoothing her hair affectionately with his hands as she stands below him, leaning against the newel post.*]

BARBARA.

My mother married you *before she was my age!*

FRIETCHIE.

Did she repent it?

BARBARA.

No! Nor will I when I marry CAPT. TRUMBULL.

FRIETCHIE.

[*Coming down again to the foot of the stairs.*] You'll never marry him! Your mother's case was different. She and I grew up together, side by side, and when I first laid you in your mother's arms and whispered: "BARBARA, here's your daughter!" she smiled back at me through two big tears and said, "She's yours; make *her* as happy as you've made me!" And once again, the night before she died, she called you mine, and said: "Find her a husband, Southern, like her father; don't let her go away into the cold North! Keep her near you—to take—my place——"

[*He breaks down for a second and turns away, but controls himself at once, and turns back to BARBARA.*]

BARBARA, your mother's youngest brother, your Uncle Dick, fell in the fight to-day, killed by a Northern bullet——

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Taking a step toward him, interjects.*] Uncle Dick!

FRIETCHIE.

And if they brought *here even the dead body of CAPT. TRUMBULL* I'd refuse it resting place under my roof!

BARBARA.

[*Going to him with hand raised to stop the words, a cry of horror.*] Father!

[*Enter GELWEX on the balcony from the door left. He is in civilian's clothes, his right arm in a sling, splintered and bandaged. He comes to the top of the stairs.*]

FRIETCHIE.

Who's this?

BARBARA.

A Rebel soldier I've been hiding. His name is GELWEX.  
[*GELWEX comes down the stairs.*]

FRIETCHIE.

[*To GELWEX.*] Were you fighting to-day?

GELWEX.

No, sir. I come from Hagerstown with the young lady couple of days back.

FRIETCHIE.

You're wounded?

BARBARA.

[*Quickly and quietly.*] I did that!

FRIETCHIE.

You?

BARBARA.

In Hagerstown.

[*To GELWEX.*] Tell him if you wish.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

[*She goes to the window under the balcony on the left and stands leaning against it, looking out.*]

GELWEX.

[*In a dogged manner.*] I was a sharpshooter in the Preacher's house. I hed a grudge against CAPT. TRUMBULL. He come along, and I aimed, but *she* shot first!

FRIETCHIE.

[*Outraged, angry.*] My daughter shot a soldier of the South! Would to God you'd killed him first! It's he who made the fighting here to-day double the work. We almost had the town when he came on with reinforcements and fought like a very devil!

BARBARA.

[*Who has come quickly forward through this speech, eager to hear of CAPT. TRUMBULL.*] You told me you knew nothing! Tell me more!

FRIETCHIE.

That's all I know. The Yankees turned your brain! *You*, my daughter, shot a defender of the South!

BARBARA.

What a defender! A *deserter* from the North, paid by our troops to betray his own! I love the South, but I think this time she's wrong.

FRIETCHIE.

Wrong? Hush! you're crazy!

BARBARA.

No! A mother loves her child even when he's naughty, and so I love the South; but the only flag I'll wave is the flag of the Union, the flag my lover fights for!

FRIETCHIE.

Silence!



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

[To GELWEX.] You know this CAPT. TRUMBULL?

[BARBARA goes and sits on the long bench beside the chimney, watching the two men.

GELWEX.

Yes, sir.

FRIETCHIE.

Where's your company now?

GELWEX.

Here in Frederick. It's your son's, sir.

FRIETCHIE.

You're ready to rejoin?

GELWEX.

Yes, sir; any minute!

FRIETCHIE.

Wait. Come with me; I want a word with you.

[Motions GELWEX up the stairs ahead of him; GELWEX starts. SUE ROYCE comes in from the parlor. She looks like a scarlet peony upside down, in a very fashionable dress of high-colored, rustling flounces, and hugs a small, three-cornered white worsted shawl tight around her bare shoulders. She shows evident signs of a heavy cold in her head, the tip of her pretty little nose being almost as red as her dress. She snuffles constantly, almost without cessation, and pronounces all her "m's" like "b's," her "n's" like "d's" and her "c's" like "g's," etc. Whenever she isn't speaking, she holds a small, damp wad of a handkerchief pathetically, still gracefully, to her nose. BARBARA motions her quickly not to speak, with a finger on her lips and a gesture to FRIETCHIE and GELWEX, who are about to go upstairs, not wishing FRIETCHIE to know SUE has come in. But FRIETCHIE hears the door slam behind SUE and turns.] Ah! Good afternoon, SUE.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

SUE.

[*Attempting dignity and politeness, but rather frightened.*] Good evening, Bister—— [She sneezes.]

FRIETCHIE.

Have you seen ARTHUR?

SUE.

Do, sir. I thought berhabs he was here. [She sniffles.]

FRIETCHIE.

Not yet. But BARBARA will tell you about him.

[*He has come close to SUE and now adds in an undertone to her:*] Shame her, if you can, girl, out of her infatuation for this Northerner. Go on, GELWEX.

[FRIETCHIE and GELWEX go upstairs along the balcony and enter the room at the left.]

SUE.

[*Going to BARBARA. They sit together on the bench, where they speak quietly, almost in undertones.*] Doesn't he know I wend do Hagersdown with you?

BARBARA.

No.

SUE.

Tell me about ARTHUR!

BARBARA.

I only know he was very, very brave. He led his troops where the battle was fiercest.

SUE.

Oh, I wish he wouldn't do thad sord of thi'g. [She sniffs.]

BARBARA.

I know the same is true, too, of CAPT. TRUMBULL; but I

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

can't hear a word of him! And, now the town's in the hands of the Rebels, how will he send me word? Unless, perhaps, he's taken prisoner.

SUE.

And thad soldier with your father; is he sdill adgry with GABDIN DRUMBULL?

BARBARA.

I don't know. I've not spoken to him. No one dared go near his hiding place, except to slip him food, and then without a word.

SUE.

He bust be very gradeful to you!

BARBARA.

[*Half amused.*] Why? For shooting him?

SUE.

Do, for bri'gi'g hib here.

BARBARA.

Oh, that was the least I could do afterward. Besides, I thought it would keep him away from CAPT. TRUMBULL.

[*Enter MAMMY LU. Comes again through the parlor door, this time with a steaming plate of hot biscuits. She goes to BARBARA.*

MAMMY LU.

Thought you might be hungry, honey.

BARBARA.

[*Shaking her head.*] No, thank you, MAMMY.

MAMMY LU.

But your pa says you ain't eat nothing to-day!

SUE.

Deither hab I, and I'b starbi'g, BABBY. [*Taking the biscuits and eating ravenously.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Rising.*] Dear MAMMY LU, go out in the street and see if you can hear something of CAPT. TRUMBULL.

[*Moving her toward the street door.*]

MAMMY LU.

Will you eat something, honey, if I do?

BARBARA.

Yes, yes!

MAMMY LU.

Dat's a promise! Dat's a promise, chile! [*And she goes out.*]

SUE.

Oh, don'd you hade war? [*She sniffles.*]

BARBARA.

[*Moving about restlessly.*] We brought this on ourselves!

SUE.

Whad!

BARBARA.

It's true!

SUE.

I'll nod stay here if you go od! I wo'der a boldt doesn'd cub dowl and strige you lige Sapphira!

BARBARA.

Don't be foolish; it's a *battle's* thunder in our air.

[*A sigh.*] Dear God, for news of him!

[*It is sunset, and from now on the dusk begins to steal into the house.* MAMMY LU comes hurriedly in.]

MAMMY LU.

MISS SUE! MISS SUE! Come, missy! Come with you ole MAMMY!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

What's the matter, MAMMY? CAPT. TRUMBULL?

MAMMY LU.

He's coming, missy! he's hyah!

SUE.

Bud BABBY?

MAMMY LU.

[*Taking her arm.*] Don't ask me no questions, chile; but jes' come on with your ole MAMMY. [*Goes through the parlor door with SUE.*]

[*BARBARA starts to follow, calling "MAMMY," but stops as ARTHUR FRIETCHIE and a Southern soldier—haggard, blood and powder stained—enter, supporting in their arms the body of CAPT. TRUMBULL. He is wounded in the breast, and, wrapped tightly around to staunch the wound, in a narrow, twisted strip, is BARBARA's flag.*]

ARTHUR.

BARBARA! [*He leans against the newel post to support himself and his burden.*]

BARBARA.

WILL! [*Going quickly to them. The other soldier goes out by the front door.*]

TRUMBULL.

[*Leaving ARTHUR's arm to step a half step toward BARBARA; he is half dazed.*] Good-bye, girl——

[*He staggers, half falls. ARTHUR and BARBARA catch him. He lies half on the floor, resting in BARBARA's arms, who kneels beside him, holding his head on her bosom.*]

BARBARA.

WILL! My husband! Hurt! hurt!



From a Poem by Everett Shinn.

*"Arthur Friedie and a Southern soldier—haggard,  
blood and powder stained—enter supporting in their arms  
the body of Arthur Trumbull."*



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

TRUMBULL.

[*Half raising himself with the force of a man in fever, and thinking he is again in battle.*] Come on, boys! come on! Push ahead! Take the town and stop the bloodshed, before we make the place full of widows and fatherless! That's the only way, even though we must leave some sweethearts and mothers with aching hearts at home. On! on! Beat the drum, boy! Beat with all your might! Follow the flag! For country and for love! Ah!—I'm hit! But don't mind me. No! no! Go on! I've something here'll staunch the wound and keep my heart beating till I see her! [*He pauses a moment and then adds in an undertone.*] Good God, ARTHUR FRIETCHIE! You fired that shot! Don't let her know her brother—— Don't let her know—— [*He falls at BARBARA'S feet.*

BARBARA.

[*Rising, with a wild cry.*] ARTHUR! you?

ARTHUR.

Yes, I——

BARBARA.

[*Beside herself.*] No! no!

ARTHUR.

Forgive me—I didn't know him—I——

BARBARA.

[*Lifting her arm in menace.*] If he dies!—you!——

TRUMBULL.

[*Half lifting himself again.*] Good-bye, girl!

[*BARBARA and ARTHUR hold him upright in their arms.*

FRIETCHIE.

[*Upstairs, in the room left, calls.*] BARBARA!



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Aghast, and with a movement to cover TRUMBULL from view.*] Father!

FRIETCHIE.

[*Calls again from the room.*] What's going on? Is ARTHUR back?

BARBARA.

No! [ARTHUR *starts to speak in contradiction, but BARBARA stops him with her hand on his arm. She calls to FRIETCHIE.*] I'm coming upstairs, father; I'll tell you in a minute!

ARTHUR.

[*Whispers.*] Why?

BARBARA.

[*Whispers.*] Father swore to me just now he wouldn't let even the *dead body* of CAPT. TRUMBULL lie in this house. Quick! Call MAMMY LU, softly. [*Pointing to the parlor door.*] Then go for a doctor.

[*He goes to the door and calls, not in a loud voice.*]

ARTHUR.

MAMMY LU!

MAMMY LU.

[*From inside.*] Yaas, sir.

ARTHUR.

[*Coming back to BARBARA.*] I'll ask HAL BOYD to come.

BARBARA.

But he knows WILL!

ARTHUR.

That's all right. We can trust him, and he's done splendid work to-day. Hide TRUMBULL. We're sending a provost's guard about the town to get all wounded Union men and make them prisoners.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

[*Going toward the front door, he turns.*] Hide him well! They haven't time to argue about how badly wounded a man is. If they find TRUMBULL, they'll take him. [*He goes out into the street.*]

[BARBARA, *leaning against the newel post with TRUMBULL, her arms about him, holds her face close to his, her cheek against his cheek.*]

BARBARA.

Oh, live! live! [MAMMY LU *re-enters*. *She starts in sympathetic surprise.*]

[BARBARA *speaks quickly.*] Not a word, MAMMY! Help me! Quick! Get CAPT. TRUMBULL up to my room!

MAMMY LU.

Your room?

BARBARA.

Oh, yes! And MR. FRIETCHIE mustn't know. *No one must know!*

MAMMY LU.

Yaas, missy. [TRUMBULL *helps himself, with one hand on the railing*. BARBARA and MAMMY LU *help him at the other side*. *They start up the stairs.*]

BARBARA.

Careful! careful! [*The sun has set and it has grown quite dark in the house*. FRIETCHIE *comes out on the balcony*.]

FRIETCHIE.

What is it, BARBARA?

BARBARA.

[*Stepping in front of TRUMBULL to hide him.*] Don't come down, father—it's a wounded soldier.

FRIETCHIE.

A Union man or Rebel?

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*After a second's hesitation.*] A Union man!

FRIETCHIE.

[*Angry.*] Was there no other house for him to go to?

BARBARA.

[*Reproachfully.*] Hush, father! He's *badly* hurt!

FRIETCHIE.

[*Starting to come down to them.*] Let me help you.

BARBARA.

[*Quickly.*] No! Save time by getting us some lint from the sewing room. MAMMY and I can manage all right.

FRIETCHIE.

Lint and some bandages, and I'll send you GELWEX.

BARBARA.

[*Quickly.*] No! no!

FRIETCHIE.

[*Turning.*] Why not?

BARBARA.

Yes! I mean yes! [FRIETCHIE *goes into the room, left.* BARBARA and MAMMY LU *help and urge* TRUMBULL *on faster up the stairs.*] Quick! Hurry! hurry!

[GELWEX *enters on the balcony, and, crossing, meets them just at the head of the stairs.*

GELWEX.

Let me help you, lady!

BARBARA.

[*Trying to hide* TRUMBULL.] No! I *don't* want your help!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

GELWEX.

The CAPTAIN!

BARBARA.

Hush! Open that door for us and go in.

[*Motioning to the room off the balcony, right, BARBARA'S room. GELWEX opens the door. He goes into the room, they following him; MAMMY closes the door behind them. SUE comes from the parlor with a lighted lamp, which lights up the hall. At the same time FRIETCHIE re-enters on the balcony and goes to BARBARA'S room. MAMMY comes out and meets him, holding the door shut behind her.*

MAMMY LU.

Yaas, sah, I'll take 'em, MASSA FRIETCHIE. De Rebel soldier, he's inside with MISS BARBARA and says they don't ought ter be no mo' in de room.

SUE.

[*Who has placed the lamp on the table in the window, speaks up to MAMMY LU.*] BABBY, where's BISTER ARTHUR?

MAMMY LU.

He done gone for a doctor, missy.

FRIETCHIE.

[*Coming down the stairs, speaks proudly.*] What do you think of my boy?

SUE.

I thi'g so buch ob your boy thad I'b goi'g to tage hib away frob you! [*She sniffles.*

FRIETCHIE.

Nothing of the sort!

[*Kissing her.*] You'll have to take me with him!

[*ARTHUR comes back with HAL BOYD.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

FRIETCHIE.

My son! *[Going toward him.]*

SUE.

*[At the same time.]* ARTHUR!

ARTHUR.

SUE! *[Passing his father, he goes to her and embraces her. With SUE still in his arms, he stretches out his right arm and hand to his father, who takes it and wrings it warmly.]*

FRIETCHIE.

Oh, my boy! If only your mother could be here to-day!

ARTHUR.

Excuse me, father. *[SUE and FRIETCHIE then notice HAL at the same time and greet him.]*

*[To HAL, motioning up to BARBARA'S room.]* In that room, HAL.

*[HAL bows and hurries up the stairs to the room and raps gently on the door. It is opened by MAMMY LU. HAL goes in.]*

ARTHUR.

*[To his father.]* The wounded man upstairs—he hasn't died?

FRIETCHIE.

I think not; I haven't seen him. Your man GELWEX and BARBARA are with him.

ARTHUR.

Pray God he lives!

FRIETCHIE.

You know him?

ARTHUR.

*I shot him!*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

SUE.

[*In horror, cries out.*] ARTHUR! you shot CAPTAIN——  
[*She stops herself before she says the name, startled by a warning look from ARTHUR.*]

FRIETCHIE.

Captain? Captain who? Who is the man upstairs?

[*ARTHUR and SUE are at a loss for an answer and remain silent. FRIETCHIE watches them, waiting for his answer. He goes to ARTHUR.*] Who is the man?

[*BARBARA'S door upstairs opens and GELWEX comes out. ARTHUR, FRIETCHIE and SUE look up to see who it is.*]

FRIETCHIE.

[*With determination, looking up at GELWEX.*] GELWEX!

GELWEX.

[*Coming to the stairs and starting down them.*] Yes, sir.

FRIETCHIE.

Who is the wounded man in my daughter's room?

[*The question stops GELWEX half way down the stairs; he looks at FRIETCHIE, startled by the question. BARBARA steals out from her room, closing the door softly behind her, and listens on the balcony. ARTHUR and SUE listen, intent and frightened. GELWEX makes no answer.*]

It's CAPT. TRUMBULL!

GELWEX.

You're right, sir.

BARBARA.

[*To GELWEX.*] You told him! I knew I couldn't trust you!

GELWEX.

No, lady! Didn't you hear? The old gent guessed it!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

FRIETCHIE.

[*Sternly to ARTHUR, and with meaning.*] ARTHUR, take SUE away from here!

ARTHUR.

But, father——?

FRIETCHIE.

[*Very slowly.*] Take—SUE—away!

[ARTHUR looks up at BARBARA to see what she wishes; she motions "yes" with her head, standing on the balcony fearless, determined, and calm. ARTHUR goes with SUE out through the parlor.]

FRIETCHIE.

GELWEX!

GELWEX.

Yes, sir?

[*Comes down the stairs. At the same time BARBARA moves with calm determination along the balcony to the top of the stairs where, standing, she blocks the passage.*]

FRIETCHIE.

GELWEX, go upstairs and get that damned Yankee out of my daughter's room, by God!

GELWEX.

Yes, sir.

FRIETCHIE.

And out of my house. Out into the street with him!

BARBARA.

No! no! father! [*Flying down the stairs toward him.*] It would kill him!

FRIETCHIE.

Let it! That's not my look out! [*To GELWEX.*] Go! [*GELWEX starts toward the stairs.*]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

No! [GELWEX stops at the foot of the stairs and, turning, looks at FRIETCHIE for another command.] You can't carry your hatred of the North so far as that! This man is wounded, perhaps to death——

FRIETCHIE.

I won't shelter him!

BARBARA.

Isn't it enough that your own son gave him his wound! Need you triumph over that?

FRIETCHIE.

He came here to war against my son. He's taken you from me, and made you a traitor to your country!

BARBARA.

Never a traitor!

FRIETCHIE.

Wasn't it enough that the North should come and lay waste our land, that this man should push his way into my very house and lay its happiness in ruins? Do as I told you, GELWEX!

[GELWEX starts again to go up the stairs.]

BARBARA.

[Stopping him.] No! Wait!

[She turns to her father, stands behind his back.] I can't argue with you, father. I can only beg and pray.

[She sinks slowly and softly to her knees, clasping his hands and arms.] Let him stay! Let him stay!

FRIETCHIE.

No! [GELWEX turns his back discreetly, and watches the street through the window.]



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Softly.*] I love him! If he goes, I go with him. If he dies, I die! It will kill him! Let him stay! [*Stealing her hand about his where it hangs clenched tight at his side.*]

FRIETCHIE.

No! [*Drawing his hand away.*]

BARBARA.

[*Rising.*] Yes! yes! Don't you remember what you said to me a little while ago? I can still see the picture if you can't. The big old rosewood bed we all of us knew as mother's,—I can see her sweet face pale on the great pillow—I see you bending over her with a tiny bundle in your arms—I see you place *me*—oh, so gently!—in those dear thin hands—I hear you whisper, "Barbara, here's your daughter!" and I see her smile up at you through her tears and say, "Make *her* as *happy* as you've made *me*!" Father, my *only* happiness, all the joy there can ever be for me in this world, depends on the life of that man upstairs! Send him out to die in our streets!— [*A pause.*] You *break* my heart—and—and *damn* my soul, for if merciful death shouldn't come to me, I swear to you before heaven, I'd go myself to meet death!

[*Through this speech FRIETCHIE has been gradually moved; BARBARA sees this, and increases her pleading, piteous tones. She finishes with the threat in almost a whisper; not an angry tone, but an exalted one. Still FRIETCHIE does not altogether relent, and standing behind him she cannot see the tears in his eyes. Her own eyes filling and her voice breaking pitifully, she leans her head and hands upon his shoulder and begs again.*] Please—let him stay!—please!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

FRIETCHIE.

[*Turns and looks into BARBARA'S face, his own shamed and trembling with emotion.*] He stays!

[*He takes her in his arms and kisses her.*]

BARBARA.

[*To GELWEX.*] You heard? He stays!

GELWEX.

Yes, lady!

BARBARA.

[*Embracing her father.*] Oh! You are *twice* my father to-day! And now one more thing. ARTHUR says a provost's guard will come to our house and if they find CAPT. TRUMBULL, will take him. Could you see General Jackson? Could you keep our house shut to them? Surely the Rebels can trust you.

FRIETCHIE.

I can see General Jackson, but I won't lie to him, daughter!

BARBARA.

You needn't! Only ask him to trust us with our wounded whether they be Rebels or Union men.

FRIETCHIE.

I'll see what I can do.

BARBARA.

Take GELWEX with you, but don't tell him your errand.

FRIETCHIE.

GELWEX, come! We'll look for news!

BARBARA.

You'll make haste, father? [GELWEX goes out behind the staircase.]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

FRIETCHIE.

Yes. And, BARBARA, you won't forget while I'm gone,  
the master of the house is a *Rebel!*

BARBARA.

No, father.

[FRIETCHIE goes out. HAL BOYD comes from BARBARA'S  
room and crossing the balcony, comes down the stairs. BAR-  
BARA goes eagerly to meet him.]

BARBARA.

Yes, yes?

HAL.

He is quieter!

BARBARA.

Well?

HAL.

MAMMY LU's a good nurse.

BARBARA.

But he will *live*?

HAL.

[*Very slowly.*] He has one chance in a—— [*He hesi-  
tates.*]

BARBARA.

Hundred?

HAL.

In a *thousand!* [*A moment's pause.*]

BARBARA.

[*Sinking on the stairs.*] You've left medicine—every-  
thing?

HAL.

There is only one medicine that will save him, BARBARA,  
and that is *Nature's!* *Sleep!* *If he sleeps,* the fever may  
abate—*may*—one chance in——

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

A thousand?

HAL.

Yes.

BARBARA.

But a chance!

HAL.

On the other hand, the fever setting in, with that wound, the man will die before morning.

BARBARA.

[*To herself.*] Sleep!

HAL.

Or *absolute quiet*! Don't let anyone disturb him. Don't even go yourself till morning. No one must go into his room to-night.

BARBARA.

I'll watch here.

HAL.

I wish I could watch with you.

BARBARA.

You can't?

HAL.

No—I'm needed—there are many wounded, and yet it's so imperative, BARBARA, he shouldn't be disturbed. [*Gives his hand to her.*]

BARBARA.

[*Takes his hand.*] There is *hope*!

HAL.

There is always hope, thank God! [*pressing her hand firmly, and then going.*]

BARBARA.

[*Alone.*] Absolute quiet—that's what I can do! I'll

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

stay here and watch till morning and then take MAMMY'S place.

*[The front door bursts open and JACK NEGLY enters. He bears the marks of battle upon him. His appearance is wild and disordered. His disappointed love for BARBARA, and his terrible experience of the horrors of war that day have overturned the boy's brain. He enters like a small whirlwind, throwing his hat high in the air, and showering BARBARA with a mass of field flowers he had gathered roughly and stuck in his belt.]*

JACK.

*[Shouting as he comes in.]* Hello BAB! We've won! We've won!

BARBARA.

*[Going quickly to him.]* Hush! Lower your voice!

JACK.

Why?

BARBARA.

We've a sick soldier in the house!

JACK.

He'll be glad to hear me shouting! He'll know we've won!

*[Louder.]* Three cheers for Maryland and Stonewall Jackson! Hooray!

*[He is interrupted by BARBARA.]*

BARBARA.

*[Seizing his arm.]* Hush! I tell you!

JACK.

*[Sings and dances around her in a circle.]* Ho! Hey! My tragedy queen BARBARA has her fine airs on! *[Repeating ad lib.]*



Photo by Byron.

*"I'll stay here and watch till morning."*



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

For heaven's sake, keep still and quiet!

JACK.

[*Creeping up to her softly, crazily.*] I'll be quiet if you'll marry me! Eh?

BARBARA.

Aren't you tired of asking me that question?

JACK.

No! I'll never tire! [*Sings again and dances.*]

Will you marry me, marry me, marry me, will you marry me, BABBY?

Come! Let's go upstairs and see your sick soldier! I'll tell him how we won the fight and I won you! [*With a movement toward the staircase.*]

BARBARA.

[*Getting to staircase before him, and blocking his passage.*] No!

JACK.

Then marry me, marry me now! How I fought! I wish you had seen me! I killed three Yankees one after the other, and all for you! Do you understand? Because I love you, and I want to make you love me! Where's your Northern lover? I heard he was there with his company pegging away at us! And I tried to find him, but——

[*He breaks off suddenly, and an inspiration flashes over his face.*]

[*Laughing.*] I know where he is! Ha, ha! That's good! He's the sick soldier upstairs, and no more sick than I am, but I'll make him sick!

[*Pulls out a pistol.* BARBARA stands at the foot of the stairs, blocking the way.]



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*With low intensity.*] Lower your voice!

JACK.

[*Changing.*] They say I'm mad! Well, so I am! From loving you! And you made me love you, didn't you?

BARBARA.

I flirted with you, yes, and heaven knows, I'm sorry for it!

JACK.

Yes; you flirted with me. You knew I was in love with you, and you led me on. [*He pauses a moment, but she does not answer.*] It was fine, wasn't it? As many strings to your bow as you could get! The more the merrier, for you! But it was misery and hell for me! I thought you cared for me. [*He half throws himself upon the bench beside the chimney.*] And so you would have [*he jumps up*]; and so you will, my BAB, before I'm through! I went into this war to kill that man and I'll do it yet.

[*He takes a step toward BARBARA; she stands upright, firm, undaunted, in front of the staircase. A moment's pause.*]

BARBARA.

You certainly are mad to think CAPT. TRUMBULL is upstairs.

JACK.

*Isn't he?*

[*COL. NEGLY enters through the front door with a provost guard of SIX CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.*]

COL. NEGLY.

MISS BARBARA, we are going through the houses for Yankee prisoners. If your father is home his word'll do that you've none concealed here.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

Won't *my* word do as well?

COL. NEGLY.

No! *yours* won't! We all know you threw my boy over for a confounded Yankee. [JACK *stands beside the fireplace.*] God forgive you, I cant!

BARBARA.

My love for my country has not altered.

COL. NEGLY.

Has your love for this CAPT. TRUMBULL?

BARBARA.

No!

COL. NEGLY.

I thought not, and his friends are your friends! We must search.

JACK.

And he's there, hidden in BARBARA'S room—I know it! CAPT. TRUMBULL!

COL. NEGLY.

What? The dog who came between you two?

BARBARA.

No! It's a mad idea he has, that CAPT. TRUMBULL'S here. [GELWEX *comes into the hall from the street.* BARBARA *looks at him frightened.*

JACK.

Ask *him*! he knows! Isn't CAPT. TRUMBULL upstairs?

GELWEX.

[*Turns and looks at BARBARA a moment. She looks pleadingly into his eyes.*] No!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

COL. NEGLY.

I'll not take his word for it; we'll finish our search. [*To his men.*] Come!

BARBARA.

[*At the foot of the staircase.*] No—listen—we have both lied. The wounded man is CAPT. TRUMBULL.

JACK.

I knew it!

COL. NEGLY.

*Now I wipe out my score with him!*

BARBARA.

But you mustn't take him away—to move him will be death!

COL. NEGLY.

His life for my boy's brain!

BARBARA.

What do you mean?

COL. NEGLY.

[*To his men.*] Up the stairs! [*His foot on the lower step—the soldiers move to follow.*]

BARBARA.

No, COL. NEGLY, you shall not pass!

COL. NEGLY.

Out of my way, girl!

BARBARA.

No! you'll have to drag me down these stairs! Use force! let your men charge bayonets! for of my own full will I will *not* move!

GELWEX.

Hold on, here's MR. FRIETCHIE! [*As FRIETCHIE enters with a paper.* He sees NEGLY.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

[*Leaning over the stair rail eagerly.*] Father!

FRIETCHIE.

NEGLY, old friend?

BARBARA.

Have you got it?

FRIETCHIE.

Yes. [*Giving her the paper. She hurriedly glances over it.*]

COL. NEGLY.

FRIETCHIE, old friend, I'm under orders to search your house.

BARBARA.

[*Giving the paper to COL. NEGLY.*] This spares you, sir, that disagreeable duty!

[*COL. NEGLY reads it, with a smothered exclamation, gives an order to his men and goes out, followed by the guard. JACK also seems to follow, but stays hidden behind the stairs.*]

BARBARA.

[*To her father.*] Follow them and guard the front door for me! This house is my fort now and I mean to hold it!

[*FRIETCHIE goes out under the staircase. BARBARA turns to GELWEX.*] And you! why did you help me? [*Giving him her hand.*]

GELWEX.

[*Embarrassed.*] I don't know.

BARBARA.

Yes, tell me.

GELWEX.

It was the least I could do.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BARBARA.

Why?

GELWEX.

[*With a half smile.*] Don't know another woman good enough shot to only "wing" me!—[*indicating his wounded arm.*]

BARBARA.

[*Smiling gratefully at him, leads him toward the parlor door.*] Watch this side of the house for me. Let no one in.

GELWEX.

All right, lady. [*Looks at her with respectful affection, and goes out. BARBARA goes to the lamp. Behind her back meanwhile JACK has cunningly and softly stolen along the other side of the staircase, and when BARBARA puts out the lamp he is at the foot of the stairs, on his hands and knees, ready to crawl up. BARBARA, coming slowly forward in the dark, gives a sudden cry as she sees JACK'S creeping figure, in the moonlight, half way up the stairs. JACK hurries as he hears her voice.*]

BARBARA.

[*In a tone of command.*] JACK!

[*He starts, stops, turns and stands facing her. With her hand on the newel post at the foot of the staircase, she looks him straight in the face, trying to impel him by her will power to obey her; after a second's pause, she speaks:*]

Come down those stairs! [*He half laughs, half sneers and turns to go up farther, but a little hesitatingly. She speaks again.*]

JACK NEGLY! [*He turns slowly and faces her, with a half laugh, half sneer; she fixes him with her eyes; his own try to shift, but finally are fixed in return upon hers; after a second and still holding him with her eyes, she repeats in a low but firm, strong voice.*]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Come back! [*After a few seconds' pause, with his eyes still fixed upon hers, he comes slowly down the stairs; at the foot he sinks down, bursting into sobs.*]

JACK.

Oh, BARBARA! BARBARA! you have broken my heart!

[*BARBARA leans over him and touches his shoulder pityingly.*]

BARBARA.

Forgive me. Forgive me—by not breaking mine!

[*She gradually influences and leads him away from the stairs, and guides him from the hall into the room where GELWEX is. She shuts the door, and leans against it alone a moment to gather strength.*]

BARBARA.

One chance in a thousand. [*She goes slowly to the stairs, and up them dragging herself along by the rail; once she nearly falls. At the top she rests a moment.*]

I'll fight for that chance! [*She steals softly to the closed door behind which TRUMBULL lies. Reaching the door she kneels beside it, and pressing her ear close she listens intently as—*]

*The Curtain Falls.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

## THE FOURTH ACT.

THE NEXT MORNING.

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THE FIRST SCENE.—BARBARA'S room. *A large, square bedroom, whose walls are covered with a big pink-flowered paper, chintz of a like color and pattern draping the window, dressing table and old four-posted bed. A set of rosewood furniture is covered with "slips" of this same chintz also. It is the cool-looking room of a lovable girl. It is not littered and cluttered with knick-knacks and memorial rubbish, but there are a few photographs of interesting, if not all beautiful, people about, and the dressing table is strewn with the pretty, useful and ornamental paraphernalia of a woman's toilet. On the left is a door which leads out onto the upstairs balcony of the hall, and a window at the back. The bed stands out from the wall on the right side of the room, and by it stands now a small table. On this are some linen cloths, a glass of water, a cup and saucer and a smallish hand lamp, lit. Beside this table in a high-backed arm chair sits MAMMY LU, very lightly dozing. The window curtains are closed and drawn, and there is a faint, cold, gray light in the room. In the bed lies CAPT. TRUMBULL. The door opens very slowly and softly, and BARBARA steals in. She*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*is pale and anxious, her dress somewhat disordered, and her hair unbound and disarranged. She closes the door gently behind her, and pauses a second, as MAMMY opens her eyes and rouses herself. She sees BARBARA and nods her head slowly but encouragingly, and rising, comes slowly and softly to her.*

MAMMY LU.

*[Whispers when she and BARBARA are side by side. The two women speak only in half whispers.]* He done gone to sleep mos' quiet like some time ago, and he haven't moved sence.

BARBARA.

*[Softly.]* I'll take your place. Father's gone down to the hotel. He stayed up all night with me. We kept watch in the hall. And he wouldn't go to bed now, he said he wanted to be out doors and get the air.

MAMMY LU.

Better open the curtains and let in some fresh air here, too. Dis room is jes' powerful close.

BARBARA.

Is it safe to do that?

MAMMY LU.

Law! it's the bes' thing, honey. I'll put out dis here lamp, don't need that no mo'.

*[MAMMY goes to the little table for the lamp; very softly she arranges the things on the table, blows out the lamp, and comes to meet BARBARA. BARBARA has meanwhile gone to the window and silently pulled back the curtains. A pallid dawn shines in—the sun is about to rise. BARBARA comes back and meets MAMMY in the centre of the room. She looks sadly at MAMMY, who looks back sympathetically, lovingly*



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

at BARBARA, and during this exchange of glances and sympathy, there is a perfect silence.

BARBARA.

[*Lifting her head.*] How still it is!

[*Both women stand with their sides toward the bed. They make a movement of the head and eyes to show that they are listening for some sound from TRUMBULL. A moment's pause, then BARBARA whispers more softly.*] Oughtn't we hear him breathe?

[*MAMMY nods her head. BARBARA seizes her arm.*] But do you—do you hear anything?

MAMMY LU.

[*Frightened.*] No, missy!

BARBARA.

Go—and see—[*MAMMY LU goes to the bed and leans over; a pause. BARBARA waits in an agony of suspense; slowly the old woman stands up straight and turns toward her. BARBARA reads the truth in her face, and with a cry of "MAMMY!" starts toward the bed. MAMMY LU tries to stop her, taking hold of her kindly.*

MAMMY LU.

Honey! he's sleepin' his last sleep!

[*BARBARA gives a half cry, a half moan, and going to the bedside, throws herself on the floor, her head and arms on the bed. She cries out pitifully.*

BARBARA.

WILL! My sweetheart! my lover! my husband! Don't leave me! Don't leave me!

[*At this moment, from far off, is heard many MEN's voices singing "Dixie." After a few seconds, BARBARA hears*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*the distant singing. Turning so she can see MAMMY LU, she questions, breathless, horror-struck, sitting upright in a forlorn little heap on the floor. She speaks in a toneless voice.]* What is that?

MAMMY LU.

*[Who has gone to the window at the sound of the singing and looked out.]* It's the Southern sogers, chile, marching through the town.

BARBARA.

Why?

MAMMY LU.

'Cause they'se done ben victorious!

BARBARA.

Vict——! *[BARBARA rises sharply, as if struck, to her feet.]* No! no! it can't be true! It can't be true! *[The SOLDIERS' voices swell a little louder. She bends over the bed and slowly drags away from TRUMBULL'S body the blood-stained, ragged flag she had given him; clasping it to her bosom, breathing with difficulty, and suppressing her sobs, she goes across and out of the room. MAMMY LU follows her, alarmed, and not understanding, she murmurs to her the old pet names of childhood, trying to soothe and comfort her. As they pass out of the door the stage is darkened.]*

THE SECOND SCENE.—*The strains of "Dixie" are heard, mingled with the shouts and cries of excited people and children. The street is seen, the same as in the FIRST ACT, but full of movement, commotion and sound. It is early of a sunny morning. From all the houses, except the FRIETCHIE house, hang Rebel flags and banners. The windows of all the houses are full of men, women and children, even babies in arms (large, affectionate, colored nurses), in points of*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*vantage. SALLY NEGLY is in an upper NEGLY window, and LAURA in a ROYCE window. The steps of the houses are full too, and the red-brick pavement crowded almost to the curb. A row of boys and girls are sitting on the ROYCE fence, and two urchins are up in a tree. The SOLDIERS' voices are heard in the distance, singing "Dixie," and the crowd, shouting: "Here they come! Here they come!" go almost mad in the uproar and confusion. They surge forward over the street, from where the procession is expected.*

A MAN.

[*On the NEGLY steps.*] Three cheers for STONEWALL JACKSON!

THE CROWD.

[*In the street.*] Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

BOY.

[*On the ROYCE fence.*] Three cheers for COL. NEGLY and ARTHUR FRIETCHIE!

ALL.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! [*During these cheers BARBARA opens the shutters leading onto the FRIETCHIE balcony and comes out. She carries her lover's blood-stained flag in her hand, and leans against the side of the window a moment to gather her strength. The singing of the SOLDIERS off the stage swells louder, as they come nearer.*

A MAN.

[*On the NEGLY steps.*] They're a-coming now!

A MAN.

[*On the FRIETCHIE steps.*] Give it to 'em good!

[*Three great cheers. ALL begin singing "Dixie" with the distant SOLDIERS. BARBARA has come forward on the*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

balcony and, reaching up, is fastening the Union flag to the staff there.

SALLY NEGLY.

[In her window.] Look! Look at BARBARA FRIETCHIE! Sss! Shame! Shame!

[ALL look up that can, and all who can't see crane their necks and lean over.

A YOUNG WOMAN.

[In a window.] Damn the Yankee wife!

A MAN.

[On the NEGLY steps.] Take that flag down!

ALL.

Take it down! (*ad lib.*) [The CROWD surges about the FRIETCHIE house. They shout, and boo, and hiss at BARBARA, calling "Shame!" and "Tear it down!" "Damn the Yankee girl," etc., etc. The men and boys pick up stones and loose bricks and begin throwing them at BARBARA and the flag.

The SOLDIERS' voices off stage swell louder. A small CROWD in advance of the procession comes rushing on, shouting JACKSON's name.

A MAN.

[On the NEGLY steps, shouts excitedly.] Here they are! JACKSON!

[The CROWD, with a wild shout of joy, turn and surge from the FRIETCHIE house toward the advancing SOLDIERS, echoing the cry of "JACKSON!" They are forced back onto the steps and against the houses in crowded rows, to leave room for the procession. They sing and shout, waving handkerchiefs and flags, sticks and hats, bursting into a climax of glad frenzy as GEN. STONEWALL JACKSON appears. A show-

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*er of bouquets fall before and around him from the women in the CROWD and in the windows of the houses. His AIDES and STAFF accompany JACKSON, and are followed by a DRUM AND FIFE CORPS. In the line two ragged, blood-stained, powder-scorched flags of the Confederacy are carried. The SOLDIERS are many of them wounded, wearing any kind of uniform they can scrape together, haggard, worn, but a brave crowd of men, rejoicing in a victory for a cause that is blessed to them. The SOLDIERS sing "Dixie" as they march, the CROWD in the street singing with them. As JACKSON approaches the FRIETCHIE stoop, the CROWD remember BARBARA and her flag. Some one in the CROWD throws a stone, which is the signal for a fresh outburst.*

A MAN.

[*On the NEGLY steps.*] Shoot if she doesn't drop it! Shoot!

[*This cry is taken up by the CROWD, and with groans and hisses and shouts of "Shoot" and "Damn the flag," the excited people again surge against the FRIETCHIE house, breaking the window glass with sticks and stones, while a BOY climbs a pillar of the balcony and tries to tear down the flag. BARBARA, hardly knowing what she does, with the thought of her dead lover in the room behind her, bruised by the stones thrown by the angry mob below her, clings to the flag. It is seen that she is trying to speak, and the CROWD, moved by curiosity, suddenly hushes to hear her.*

BARBARA.

Shoot! You've taken a life already dearer to me than my own. Shoot, and I'll thank you! but spare your flag!

[*JACKSON, passing the house, has seen and heard. He cries out,—*





Photo by Byron.

*Barbara, holding on to the flag, half-fainting, supports herself against the balcony railing.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Halt! Who touches a hair of that woman, dies like a dog.  
[*A short pause.*] Pass the word along!

[*An AIDE leaves JACKSON and passes along behind the SOLDIERS. A moment after a MAN's voice is heard in the distance giving this order: "Who harms the girl on a balcony with a Union flag will be shot!" This is followed by another MAN's voice still further off repeating the order. JACKSON gives the order to continue the march.*

Forward! March! [*The SOLDIERS start marching, singing at the same time. BARBARA, holding onto the flag, half-fainting, supports herself against the balcony railing. Her head is lifted, her expression exalted. The PEOPLE are half of them singing with the SOLDIERS and half shouting hurrahs, the women greeting their especial friends with flowers. Finally COL. NEGLY leads on his company, JACK among them. JACK sees BARBARA and quietly and quickly aiming, shoots her. There is a cry and a gasp of horror from the CROWD in unison. The SOLDIERS halt, the singing of those in sight stops. SUE, who sees BARBARA, with a wild scream fights her way through the CROWD and the SOLDIERS, crying: "BARBARA! BARBARA! BARBARA!" There is a great commotion everywhere. "Dixie" is heard faintly by the SOLDIERS in the distance, who have not yet heard of something happening. BARBARA, when shot, has fallen back against the house, still clinging to the flag. After a moment she staggers forward and falls, kneeling on the balcony, her head and arms hanging over.*

COL. NEGLY.

Who fired that shot?

JACK.

[*Proudly, quite mad.*] I did!

[*Lifting a pistol quickly to his head, but he is seized and*



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

*pinioned by TWO SOLDIERS before he can fire. COL. NEGLY starts back in horror at the confession of his dearly loved son. He loses his control for a minute and cannot speak.*

FIRST SOLDIER.

What shall we do with him, COLONEL?

[MAMMY LU has come onto the balcony with SUE and kneels by BARBARA.

COL. NEGLY.

[*With a great effort regains his self-control, and, though his voice trembles, he still speaks with the authority of an officer.*] Carry out your orders! Forward! march!

[*The procession marches on over the flower-strewn pavement, the PEOPLE and SOLDIERS in silence, the strains of "My Country, 'tis of Thee" in the air, as*

*The Curtain Falls.*

THE END.

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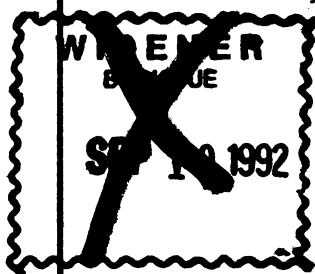




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